

# THE ROUND TABLE.

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## WHAT THE DEAD OWE THE LIVING.

AT the present day society sets no obstacles in the way of the pursuit of any science except that of medicine. Here the sentiments and affections of all men, and the superstitions of the ignorant classes, continue, in a greater or less degree, to interfere with medical progress in several ways. The first of these is the opposition to vivisections or experiments upon living animals, a subject which we may hereafter discuss. The second relates to the disposal of the dead, and takes forms which we wish briefly to consider.

It has been said that the worst use to which you can put a man is to hang him. Now it has long seemed clear to us that the worst use we can make of the body of a man is to bury it, especially where burial means preservation, for you thus insure that the body shall serve no useful end, until, in the slow process of time, nature restores to the mold again what was so manifestly meant to return to it. Accumulations of the dead are also a direct source of injury to the living; and even our system of extramural cemeteries scarcely does more than apply a temporary remedy, because, so near are they to the cities that, in most cases, only a few years will suffice to bring around these great camps of the dead the long lines of thickly peopled streets; so that once more the battle of the living and those who have ceased to live will have to be fought over again. When that day arrives let us hope that we shall be able to propose some means of relief which may prove effective for all time to come.

It is well settled that a community has a distinct right to so dispose of the dead as that the least possible evil may result from burials. Now what further rights has it as regards the direct uses to which the dead may be put? Not very many years ago, as our older readers may remember, the dissection of the corpse was looked upon with almost superstitious horror. Out of this feeling grew laws which made dissecting illegal, or, rather, which so protected the dead that bodies could not be obtained without unlawful means. France had long been wise in this matter; but in England the securing of "subjects," as they are called, became so difficult that the price of bodies rose with the risk of getting them, until, in London, it was not uncommon for surgeons to give from fifty to one hundred guineas for a single body.

Those who followed the trade of stealing and selling the dead were, of course, men of the vilest character; so that when, under the pressure of the greed for gain, they had to choose between the chance of being shot while stealing a body or of being hanged for murder, some of them took the remoter risk, and created anatomical material by murdering feeble or friendless persons. In this manner occurred in Scotland, in 1838, the famous murders which added a new word ("Burking") to the vocabulary of the modes of violent death. The consequences of Burke's trial were healthy. Parliament passed the Anatomy Act, and dissection was legalized. The community asserted its undoubted

right to dispose thus of the unclaimed remains of the friendless, and at once the resurrectionist lost his ghastly trade.

Within a few years New York has been wise enough to pass a similar law. Elsewhere in America, we believe, the anatomist still procures subjects by means which are either illegal and concealed from the public eye, or are winked at by the authorities. Fortunately the supply from the sources indicated has hitherto proved sufficient to meet a moderate demand. In our Atlantic cities the commercial value of the dead has never risen to over fifteen dollars per body; but, of course, it would be most desirable to have such a full supply as exists in Paris, where subjects are distributed to the schools at a merely nominal price. There is every reason why the law should directly intervene in this matter, and why all of the states should assert the right of the dissector to the unclaimed bodies of the dead. Nor is it desirable that the corpses of murderers should be given up to dissection, because we thus teach the public to regard this use of man's body as a part of the sentence of the criminal, and so make shameful, by association, that which is not at all disgraceful. For the same reason we would prefer not to see the skeletons of murderers preserved in our museums of anatomy or pathology.

In another point of view this subject is liable to come before any one of us and to ask for a common-sense decision at a time when, perhaps, we may be least able to reason calmly. It were well, therefore, that in this matter every man should have a settled opinion. We refer to the practice of partial dissection of the recently dead for the purpose of studying the changes made by disease. When rare or difficult cases occur, physicians are apt to ask for this privilege. It is rarely granted in country neighborhoods or villages, but in our great cities the prejudice against such examinations has lessened of late years. Still it is very difficult to get this permission among the lower classes, especially those of foreign birth, and even in a more cultivated class it is too often denied. Every physician can recall many such instances where he has thus lost valuable chances of correcting previous knowledge and of adding to his personal experience of disease. Just so far as it interferes with the growth of the most important of all sciences is this absurd prejudice a grave wrong to the living community and to be frowned on by every thoughtful citizen.

The right to dispose thus of human remains is asserted often enough by the coroner, but with this exception the law does not provide for pathological sections of the dead. Yet, on the other hand, no man can be buried without a certificate of the cause of death, and this the physician is expected to give. When, therefore, he meets with cases in which the character of the disease was doubtful, and when at the same time he is refused leave to examine the body, he is driven either to refuse a certificate, which for obvious reasons is rare, or to certify to some loose general statement as to the cause of the decease, and this last is just what is commonly done in all such cases. The result is to limit the self-education of the doctor and to make it impossible to rely on the statistics of the causes of death. The plain remedy is to give the physician power, through the health officers, to insist on the right of the living to examine thus the dead. In Austria only is this a legal right. Here the law has taken no action on it. So far as the individual is concerned, it seems clear to us that no one ought, even under any circumstances, to deny to the physician this important privilege.

Sick persons rarely refer to this matter; now and then some one requests that his or her body may be examined. A lady once said to the writer, "I would like to be examined after I die because I am sure I

am very queer inside, and because then I shall know all about it." Whether or not the good woman kept this singular appointment we cannot say. As to the rest of her remarks, she proved to be altogether correct.

Now and then some victim of an "interesting case" expresses, during life, a desire that when dead he or she shall not be cut up by the doctors. Of course the relatives respect religiously such a request, and in fact they would be upheld by the general public opinion. We confess, even in such cases, to be unable to see why the absurd wish of a person, possibly enfeebled in mind by disease, should be set against the real welfare of the community of the living. Were the law to say that in doubtful cases the physician should have a right in the name of society to examine the dead, all prejudice would very soon fade away.

It is needless to enter here into any defense of anatomical and pathological studies. They lie at the foundation of medicine, and that as a science is daily growing into larger interest for the individual and for the public. We are content if we have shown that society has claims upon the dead as well as on the living; that to bury a man as we now bury men is to put his body to no use or to ill use; that to dissect his body is to put it to the highest use; and that the views of a community on such questions are pretty fair tests of its grade of civilization

S. W. M.

## AMERICAN VS. BRITISH BOOK-MAKING AGAIN.

IN a recent article we ventured to join issue with a would-be critic who pronounced authoritatively upon the assumed inferiority of American book-making as compared with that of England. In the present paper we propose to touch more specifically upon certain points alluded to by the writer which are intimately concerned in the production of first-class books, viz., ink, paper, binding, etc. The writer says: "We have heard that one of the best, perhaps the best practical printer in the United States, declared he had no hope of being able to rival the English in the depth of their ink-color because there was something in the atmosphere of this continent which caused the ink to fade with exposure." He then goes on to say, "If that be so, we shall never have American books that will comfort the eye like the English, for there is no one difference between them more important than the luster of the inks." We cannot, of course, imagine who the "practical printer" was to whose opinion reference is thus made, but we know, of a certainty, that others among our first printers do not agree with his view of the case. We are aware that this idea of English ink being deleteriously affected by the atmosphere of this country is prevalent among the book-lovers here, and that it is, to some degree, shared by the trade. Yet we have our reasons for thinking that the whole matter is somewhat overdone. We have conversed with some of our best printers on this point, and they laugh at the suggestion of English ink being affected by our climate. It is, indeed, manufactured for a moister climate than ours; but they have used it, and are using it constantly, and find that any slight difficulty in its use here is easily surmounted by the exercise of a little Yankee "gumption."

On our finest book-work the English inks are almost universally used, although, for about a year past, an ink has been produced in the country (as the result of ten years' careful experimentation) which is found to be quite equal to the choicest English manufacture, and which is largely used by Alford and other first-class printers. Possessing the essentials of

the English ink, it also has an adaptability to the American climate peculiar to itself, and, in course of time, will probably supersede the foreign article. It may be possible, also, that the superior color which is claimed for English printing may be attributable, in a slight degree, to the broader "face" of the British type, which takes and gives, of course, more ink to the printed impression than the thinner line of our American type. The prevailing preference in this country at the present time (we speak only of first-class work) is for type of English make, or cast here from English or Scotch punches. Yet there is considerable diversity of opinion, and it may fairly be considered as a question of individual taste or of fashion.

The question of the relative difference between English and American paper is, also, another matter which, although of importance, is rather apt to be overdone by the critics. Large quantities of English and other foreign paper stock are used here—as has been already intimated—but our own manufacturers produce some very fine qualities of paper. Paper is undoubtedly better, *per se*, for being submitted to the mellowing influences of time, yet age alone can hardly be considered the determining point of excellence. The "Fourdrinier" machine now makes paper which is fit for use in a quarter of the time that was required for paper manufactured in the old-fashioned way. The English generally prefer a heavy, calendered paper, while our printers seem to have more of a liking for the laid papers. Both use tints—the Americans, perhaps, more indiscriminately, and with a fancy for the deeper and *bizarre* tones. But, then, that is merely an outcropping of the national taste, which will improve as we grow older. After all, however, the average products of American and British paper-mills differ much less in quality, and in adaptation to find work, than might be imagined. Undoubtedly our paper-mills are taxed to their utmost capacity to supply the current demand for the ordinary qualities, and the paper is pressed into the service of the printer too hurriedly yet this is a fault which with equal justice may be charged to British paper at the present day, and it is unjust to argue therefrom that the Americans cannot and do not make any paper equal to the requirements of fine book-making.

*Stereotyping* is an art of which American publishers have always availed themselves to a much larger extent than the English publishers, in consequence of the immense popular demand for books. Of late, however, the British trade have, for the very same reason, been obliged to stereotype their popular works. And, since as far back as 1848, when the revised edition of Irving's works was issued, Mr. Murray, of London, was satisfied to print his octavo edition from duplicate plates made by Mr. Trow, of New York; it is only fair to presume that, with seventeen years of additional experience, American stereotyping has not at all deteriorated below the English standard. Indeed, the not unfrequent applications received by our leading houses from English publishers for duplicate plates, is an evidence that in this branch of "the art preservative" our countrymen "hold their own."

In the matter of *book-binding* we do not, of late years, admit any inferiority to the English, although some have questioned whether both nations are not somewhat behind the French. Formerly there was much fine binding done in London for American publishers and for private collectors. Now the "foremen" as well as the most skillful "finishers" of our own best binderies are mostly Englishmen—working with the finest foreign materials, and with mechanical appliances of their art confessedly superior to those employed either in France or Great Britain. And the work which they turn out is, as might be expected, of equal average durability and finish with that of the old country. Our book-collectors, who dress their "pets" in sumptuous array of morocco, calf, etc., etc., find in Mathews, of New York, and Pawson & Nicholson, of Philadelphia, workmen "after their own heart," whose work "maketh not ashamed" even when placed beside the costliest specimens of English and French handiwork. *Appropos* to this, we may relate an anecdote which we lately heard concerning the well-known Bossange, of Paris, who, when he visited this country a few years ago

was invited to examine Mr. A. W. Griswold's splendid private library. Mr. Griswold's collection is what is called "strong on bindings," embracing specimens of the work of all the finest English, French, and American binders; and Mons. Bossange, with the eye of a connoisseur, easily recognized the binders of different volumes on the shelves by the style of the work. There were, however, a class of books of which he frankly confessed he could not indicate the binder—they were done by some one unknown to him. He was told that they were the work of Mathews, of New York, and expressed the greatest surprise, saying: "On my own account, I regret it; for I had hoped when I returned to France to carry back some large orders for binding; but I see that you already have binders who can produce work quite as good as our own." In *cloth-bindings* there can be no doubt that we excel other nations in firmness of material and elegance of pattern. The English, indeed, hardly consider cloth-bindings as more than temporary "covers," and the advance made by our binders within the past two years in this department of binding has raised it almost to the dignity of a distinct art.

But to return to the subject more immediately under discussion, viz., the relative superiority of English or American book-making. There is one fact which, although it has been entirely ignored by our self-sufficient critic, cannot be overlooked if we would attain a true decision as to the merits of the matter. And this is, that while England has been printing and improving for centuries, the art of making fine books has made almost its entire progress in America within the last quarter of a century. It is, indeed, only twenty-five years since what has been aptly called the "cheap and nasty style of publishing" in this country received its first check at the hands of enlightened artistic taste in the issue of "Harper's Illustrated Family Bible." As the appearance of this work marks almost the initial point in the reformation of the typographic art in the United States, we feel that we do not attach too much importance to it in presenting our readers with the following lively sketch of its inception and successful completion, furnished by one of the oldest and most accomplished printers of our city.

Some twenty-five years ago Mr. J. A. Adams, of New York (originally a printer, subsequently an artist and wood-engraver, and now a retired gentleman of wealth and leisure), conceived the idea of producing an illustrated edition of the Bible which should be, in all respects, superior to anything of the kind previously attempted in this country. After explaining his project to several publishers, all of whom turned upon him the cold shoulder, he succeeded in making an arrangement with the Messrs. Harper Brothers for its publication. An important stipulation in the contract was that the printing of the work should be entirely under Mr. Adams's control; and, in due time, a goodly number of the wood-cuts being completed, a few pages of the work were stereotyped, and a set of composition-blocks made, by means of which a "form," consisting of the cuts inserted in the stereotype plates, was made up. At this stage of the proceeding Mr. Adams left the engraving-room, and took off his coat and rolled up his sleeves among the printers. That hour marks an era in the history of printing in this country. Taking the two-roller, self-flying Adams press (then not long in use), he fitted his "tympan" so accurately as to prevent any unnecessary play, covered it with fine, thin muslin, secured his "form" upon the "bed," and took his first impression. After making this as even as possible by the usual method of "underlaying," he laid a smooth, thick sheet of paper upon the face of the "tympan," secured it with paste at its outer and inner margins, and then printed his form upon it. Now he commenced "overlaying" the cuts by a process which, although pretty well understood by wood-cut printers of the present day, had, at that time, never been applied either here or in Europe. Suffice it to say, it was a "building-up process," slow, tedious, very trying to the patience, but infallibly correct. Day after day he cut, scraped, rubbed, then strained a new sheet over the whole, a little thinner than the first; printed again, and then repeated the cutting, pasting, rubbing, and scraping, etc., until, as days passed without any tangible result, the pressmen in the establishment began to be amused, while the proprietors evinced evident symp-

toms of alarm; each in his own way counted the days already spent upon the form, and anxiously but respectfully inquired as to the prospects. The humorous brother joked, the serious brother expostulated, the amiable brother suggested that it would be well to start the press on *some* given day, and "touching up" the work a little from time to time as it progressed; while the judicious brother rolled up his clear and eloquent eyes in the agony of despair. Then all the brothers, with one accord, retired to their inner office, and solemnly deliberated; voted that the "colonel" should read the contract aloud for their mutual edification and instruction, inasmuch as he had made it; and, having listened patiently to it, concluded that, according to its provisions, Mr. Adams had an indisputable right to print the illustrated Bible according to the dictates of his own conscience. Then smilingly—for they were all philosophers who well knew how to "put up" gracefully with that which they could not help—they went to their respective abodes for dinner. Meanwhile Mr. Adams, assisted by the most skillful pressman in the room, labored industriously over that one "form" for two weeks, and then produced impressions which astonished every one who saw them except himself. And, when the press finally began to throw off sheet after sheet of the most beautiful work which had ever been executed in this country, the Messrs. Harpers' doubts took the wings of the morning and sped away; and from that day, also, the misgivings of practical men as to the "paying" character of fine printing in America were for ever dispelled. Several of the first numbers of this Bible were printed upon two-roller presses by rolling three times for each impression; but it became evident that a machine was needed which should give a greater amount of rolling and a more perfect distribution of ink; and the six-roller press was very soon produced by the combined skill of Isaac Adams, of Boston, and J. A. Adams, of New York. From this point the printing of the Bible progressed with great rapidity—each revolution printing a sheet. Six presses were put upon it as fast as they could be constructed and the men instructed in their use. Fifty thousand copies of this magnificent work were sold at twenty-five cents per number, enriching the proprietor and making the publisher "comfortable." Then followed the "Illustrated Shakespeare," Lossing's "Field Book of the Revolution," and other equally beautiful works from the same establishment. Since that time we may safely assert that the efforts of our best publishers, as well as an improved and growing public taste, have steadily tended towards an elevation of the standard of excellence in the matter of book-making. And when we consider the different tendencies which have been, and are, operating in England and America, in regard to the printing and diffusion of books, we certainly have the best reasons for considering the present state of the book-making art in this country as highly creditable to the energy of our publishers and the taste of our buyers. It must be remembered that in our young country the demand was from the many for cheap books; while in England it was from the few for costly works. Twenty years ago, small editions, not stereotyped, and at high prices, were with them the rule; while with us they were the exceptions, if not almost unknown. But this is now entirely reversed; while these small and fine editions are still, to some extent, continued for the benefit of the better classes, the steady and wonderful increase of the popular demand for good and cheap literature has quite revolutionized the character of the English book-trade, until, in the cheapness of book-making, we are fairly excelled by our British cousins. On the contrary, our current business has taken a marked direction towards expensive literature, and mechanical excellence rather than mere cheapness. Our publishers are evidently striving to improve the quality of paper, type, ink, and press-work, and to exercise a taste and discretion in regard to the external details of their issues which, twenty years ago, were unknown. All this enhances the cost of manufacture, and, proportionably, of price also; while the English publications of the day, following the change of their market, are becoming inferior in style and cheaper in price. Looking at the subject, then, from a broad and catholic stand-point, and divesting ourselves, as much as pos-



sible, of all traditionary or national prejudices, let us accord to our publishers and book-artisans that candid examination of their attempts, and that measure of approbation of their performance, which every ambitious and conscientious workman naturally covets. More than this they do not desire at our hands; and less than this we cannot, in justice, refuse them. Entire superiority to their English models they, probably, would not arrogate to themselves; absolute perfection in any department of art is, to the true artist, unattainable; but equal honesty of purpose, and an equal average excellence of execution—as compared with their English cousins—is what our American book-makers have a right to claim. And a prompt and kindly recognition of these claims by the American book-public will do quite as much, if not more, for the real improvement of the art of book-making in this country, than hasty, one-sided, and discouraging criticisms, such as those indulged in by the critic of the *Tribune* and the *Independent*.

## REVIEWS.

### MR. BUCHANAN'S ADMINISTRATION.\*

FOR the first time since the organization of the government of the United States a President after retiring from his office has made a formal appeal to the nation at large in defense of his administration. *Qui se excuse, s'accuse*, is hardly applicable to this case, for the accusation preceded the excuse. No matter what judgment one may have passed upon Mr. Buchanan's policy, it is due to him as an ex-chief magistrate of the Union to give his words a respectful hearing. That he was so unfortunate as to incur more odium than any of his predecessors in office is a special reason why everything that he may offer in self-defense should obtain the candid attention of his countrymen; and if his plea should show conclusively that the popular verdict on his administration be incorrect, it is due to him that this verdict be set aside. In reading his book one must divest himself as far as possible of all preconceived prejudices, remembering that when Mr. Buchanan retired from the presidency the country was on the eve of the most momentous crisis of its history. At that time passion occupied the place of reason, prejudice blinded judgment, and, with but few exceptions, the recognized leaders of the people yielded to the frenzy of the hour, and some consciously, others unconsciously, fed the flames which they should have struggled to extinguish.

Anticipating the inquiry why this volume was not placed before the public at an earlier date, Mr. Buchanan says: "The publication was delayed to avoid the possible imputation, unjust as this would have been, that any portion of it was intended to embarrass Mr. Lincoln's administration in the vigorous prosecution of pending hostilities. The author deemed it far better to suffer temporary injustice than to expose himself to such a charge." The first four chapters of the book are devoted to sketches of the rise and progress of the anti-slavery agitation, the efforts at compromise in and out of Congress, and the troubles in Kansas, together with a long review of the proceedings of the democratic national convention at Charleston, S. C., in 1860, and the subsequent sessions of its two divisions at Baltimore. These are written from the author's political standpoint, but are couched in such temperate terms that even the most strenuous opponent of the views therein advanced is compelled to give them respectful attention. Now that the struggle between slavery and anti-slavery is decided, the popular mind will take but little interest in this portion of the book, except in so far as it is a record of the views held by President Buchanan—held, too, not for a time and discarded afterwards, but adhered to throughout the whole course of his official life, and pronounced as strongly after four years and a half of seclusion as when he stood upon the floor of the Senate chamber or sat in the chair of state. Opinions retained with such tenacity are convictions, and convictions are always entitled to a hearing.

At this point we enter upon the defense proper

which Mr. Buchanan submits for the consideration of his countrymen. The main charges against him have been that he failed to discharge his duty as President in that he took no measures to prevent the spread of secession, and while the southerners were coolly seizing United States forts, arsenals, and other property of the government, he was consorting with leading secessionists, and either abetted their designs or allowed himself to be made a tool in their hands; that he retained in his cabinet men whom he knew to be secretly, if not openly, plotting for the dissolution of the Union; and that he refused to accede to any propositions for putting down by force, or preventing by show of force, the revolutionary movements at the South. There were some who honestly believed that Mr. Buchanan did all he could to aid the Southerners in their proposed rebellion, but we make no account of this charge because of its absurdity. It was for what he did not do for the Union rather than for what he did for the South that the people condemned him; and it is to this condemnation that he demurs in the book before us.

Regarding the allegation that no effort was made by him to thwart the designs of the secessionists, Mr. Buchanan claims that he urged Congress to give him the power to act, but it declined to do so. On the 8th of January, 1861, the President sent a special message to Congress calling its attention to the alarming condition of affairs, and asking it to take such action as would enable him to use force if necessary. Twenty days afterwards (January 30) a bill was introduced in the House of Representatives "enabling the President to call forth the militia, or to accept the services of volunteers, for the purpose of protecting the forts, magazines, arsenals, and other property of the United States, and to recover possession of such of these as has been or may hereafter be unlawfully seized or taken possession of by any combination of persons whatsoever." This bill was withdrawn on the same day that it was reported. On the 18th of February another bill of similar character was reported, but, on motion of Mr. Corwin (subsequently our minister to Mexico), its consideration was postponed to February 28. The President also nominated a collector for the port of Charleston in place of Mr. Colcock, who had resigned, but the Senate never acted upon the nomination. This recital, of which the above is an abstract, Mr. Buchanan concludes as follows:

"The Thirty-sixth Congress expired on the 3d March, 1861, leaving the law just as they had found it. They made no provision whatever for the suppression of threatened rebellion, but deliberately refused to grant either men or money for this purpose. It was this violation of duty which compelled President Lincoln to issue a proclamation convening the new Congress, in special session, immediately after the attack on Fort Sumter. Urgent and dangerous emergencies may have arisen, or may hereafter arise in the history of our country, rendering delay disastrous, such as the bombardment of Fort Sumter by the Confederate government, which would for the moment justify the President in violating the Constitution, by raising a military force without the authority of law, but this only during a recess of Congress. Such extreme cases are a law unto themselves. They must rest upon the principle that it is a lesser evil to usurp, until Congress can be assembled, a power withheld from the Executive, than to suffer the Union to be endangered, either by traitors at home or enemies from abroad. In all such cases, however, it is the President's duty to present to Congress, immediately after their next meeting, the causes which impelled him thus to act, and ask for their approbation; just as, on a like occasion, a British minister would ask Parliament for a bill of indemnity. It would be difficult, however, to conceive of an emergency so extreme as to justify or even excuse a President for thus transcending his constitutional powers whilst Congress, to whom he could make an immediate appeal, was in session. Certainly no such case existed during the administration of the late President. On the contrary, not only was Congress actually in session, but bills were long pending before it for extending his authority in calling forth the militia, for enabling him to accept the services of volunteers, and for the employment of the navy, if necessary, outside of ports of entry for the collection of the revenue, all of which were eventually rejected. Under these circumstances, had the President attempted, of his own mere will, to exercise these high powers, whilst Congress were at the very time deliberating whether to grant them to him or not, he would have made himself justly liable to impeachment. This would have been for the Executive to set at defiance both the Constitution and the legislative branch of the Government."

Such is Mr. Buchanan's explanation of his course in this matter. It was claimed at the time that he should have acted without waiting for Congress; that he was recreant to the duties of his high office in thus waiting. The only case in the history of the country

which affords a parallel to this is the nullification excitement in South Carolina, in 1832 and 1833. On the 24th of November, a convention in that State adopted an ordinance declaring the tariff act null and void, to take effect Feb. 1, 1833, and three days later the legislature passed laws necessary to give effect to the ordinance. On the 11th of December, President Jackson issued his celebrated proclamation, which was followed on the 16th of January, 1833, by a special message to Congress, suggesting the adoption of measures to meet the crisis. A force bill was at once reported to the Senate, but was not passed by that body until Feb. 20, nor by the House until Feb. 28. Whether President Jackson would have waited so long for congressional action had circumstances been the same as they were in 1861, is another question.

As Charleston was the spot where the first open assault was made by the insurgents against the Union forces, Mr. Buchanan devotes a chapter to the provisions taken by him to hold possession of Fort Sumter. Early in December, 1860, the Secretary of the Navy had stationed in Hampton Roads the war steamer Brooklyn, to take on board three hundred disciplined troops with provisions and munitions of war for Charleston. On the 11th of that month Major Anderson was instructed to avoid every act of aggression, but in case of attack to defend the forts to the last extremity, and, should it be necessary, he was to withdraw his forces from Fort Moultrie and Castle Pinckney to Fort Sumter. The occurrences which ensued are so fresh in the memory of every intelligent reader that we will not presume to rehearse them. But the great point which Mr. Buchanan strives to make is to show that General Scott, in his several published letters, had misrepresented the President's action. This is of too much importance to be passed over, yet our limited space will allow of but a brief reference to it. General Scott has stated that December 15, 1860, he had an interview with the President, at which the question of secession, the means for quelling any outbreak, etc., were discussed; and on the 30th of the same month he repeated his recommendation to garrison all the forts in the South. To this Mr. Buchanan replies that, in accordance with the previous orders of the Lieutenant-General, there were less than one thousand available troops in the East, the most of our army being on duty on the Indian frontier; that, instead of meeting the general on the 30th of December, he received a note from him stating that indisposition would prevent the proposed meeting, which note he still has. To the statement of the general, that "the South Carolina commissioners had been many days in Washington, and no movement of defense [on the part of the United States] had been permitted," Mr. Buchanan replies that these commissioners reached the capital December 26; that on the 30th General Scott asked permission to send, without reference to the War Department, two hundred and fifty recruits from New York harbor to re-enforce Fort Sumter, and on the 31st the President transmitted the necessary orders for the departure of the expedition; that the President proposed to send the war vessel Brooklyn, but, in deference to the opinion of the Lieutenant-General, he permitted the use of the merchant steamer *Star of the West* instead; that this change caused a delay, so that the steamer did not leave New York until January 5, and that on the very evening of that day General Scott telegraphed to his son-in-law, Colonel Scott, then in New York, to countermand her departure. Mr. Buchanan next refers to the provisions taken by him to re-enforce Fort Pickens and other forts in the South then in possession of our forces, and shows that the truce which General Scott claimed prevented him from re-enforcing them had no existence in fact, the only foundation for the assertion of its existence being a temporary truce agreed upon between Major Anderson and Governor Pickens, of South Carolina, which referred only to Fort Sumter and Charleston. The further statement of General Scott that Secretary Floyd was allowed to send to southern arsenals 115,000 extra muskets and rifles, and that 120 pieces of heavy artillery were ordered to the South, and would have reached their destination but for his (the general's) prompt action early in March, Mr. Buchanan denies in full. In proof he argues that less than the regular apportionment of arms allotted to the southern states were distributed among them;

\* Mr. Buchanan's Administration on the Eve of the Rebellion. By James Buchanan, ex-President of the United States. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 1866. Pp. 296.



and as regards the cannon, when the President's attention was called to their shipment late in December, 1860, he promptly stopped it, which elicited a vote of thanks on the 4th of January, 1861, by the city government of Pittsburg. These statements of the author, supported in every instance by reference to official documents, challenge attention. It is to be regretted that throughout he manifests so much feeling towards the venerable Lieutenant-General, yet allowance is to be made to human nature; and if all his assertions be sustained by subsequent investigations, common honesty will demand that he be acquitted of the charges preferred against him by General Scott.

The remainder of Mr. Buchanan's book is devoted to a defense of his administration on the score of economy and its management of our foreign relations. As the latter has not been seriously called in question and as the former sinks into such insignificance beside the enormous expenditures of the government during the last four and a half years, these subjects will attract but little notice.

It is not to be denied that of all the men who have filled the office of President not one was so ignored upon his retirement from office as James Buchanan. During the political contests which have been waged since the expiration of his term, no party has ventured to solicit from him an expression of opinion favorable to itself, and this not because of distrust of his abilities—for on this ground he would not suffer by comparison with Millard Fillmore and Franklin Pierce—but because of his almost universal unpopularity. The causes of this feeling it is not necessary for us to investigate in this connection. The fact of its existence Mr. Buchanan recognizes by the publication of the volume under review. We bespeak for his book a careful reading by the American people. He is entitled to it not merely by virtue of the office to which the suffrages of that people once elevated him, but as an American citizen as well. Though among those who opposed his administration, we are free to confess that the perusal of his defense has inclined us to reconsider some of the opinions which we formed at the time. He has written calmly, temperately, modestly, and pointedly, and even if adjudged guilty of all the charges made against him, has a right to be heard in self-defense.

As a contribution to the political history of the country we regard this book as very valuable. It throws new light on several points heretofore obscure, and puts a phase upon others different from that popularly accepted as correct. The style of the work is clear and dignified, though we object to his speaking of himself throughout in the third person, and using the editorial "we" besides. Thus, on page thirty, the author prefaces an extract from his letter to forty-three citizens of Connecticut with: "The following extract from his letter dated at Washington, Aug. 15, 1857." It would have been in much better taste to have used either the first or third person entirely.

S. H. E.

#### OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.\*

**D**IVIDING prose fictions into the two classes of novel and romance, with the theory that the novel is a portraiture of individuals and affairs, and the romance a picture of events and human characteristics in their subtler and more ideal relations, we believe we are right in saying that Mr. Dickens is not at all a novelist but altogether a romancer. The novelist deals with personages, the romancer with types. Thackeray, the greatest of novelists, has given us characters which have such absolute and perfect personality that we know them as we know Smith and Jones. Dickens, the first of living romancers, gives us types by which we can characterize all the qualities of our acquaintance. Pendennis, Clive Newcome, Blanche Amory, Becky Sharpe, are faultless likenesses of individual life in the world; Micawber, Mr. Pecksniff, Harold Skimpole, Mrs. Nickleby, are images of cheerful haplessness, hypocrisy, amiable, irresponsible selfishness and folly, which exist at large in human nature. We are far from thinking the novelist's art less than the romancer's; only we do not think it more. You do homage to the exquisite, reproachless fidelity

of Thackeray, while you marvel at the creative power of Dickens. You know that Micawber and Pecksniff are individually impossibilities, but you constantly find men who remind you of them. When you go to London you feel it not unlikely you may meet Fred Bayham; but who ever expected to encounter Dick Swiveller in any particular locality? Mr. Dickens's people are essentially types, not persons; and though they have, by the sovereign laws of art, a right to individual existence in the books where we find them, yet if we attempt to translate them into real life, as we do Becky Sharpe and Arthur Pendennis, they lose all organic propriety, and dissolve into traits and resemblances.

Believing in romance's office to produce images of universal truth and value, we have slight patience, and less sympathy, with the criticism which accuses Mr. Dickens of exaggeration; and we have no blame for his last book because most of its people are improbable. So long as they are not moral impossibilities, we cannot think them exaggerations except in the sense that Lear and Othello are exaggerations; and we are rather surprised that critics who have observed the Shakespearian universality of Mr. Dickens's feeling, have not been struck with the Shakespearian universality of his art. We find that it will be useless to condemn Mr. Dickens for Wegg and Podsnap, unless we condemn Shakespeare for Falstaff and Pistol, and Cervantes for Sancho Panza. It is even idler to object that Mr. Dickens places his physically impossible characters among us in our own day; for they certainly represent present longings, interests, and delusions, though nobody has seen their whole likeness in life. Cervantes made his knight to live in his own day; it was impossible that he should exist then in geographical and political Spain, but nevertheless he did exist then in the spirit of most Spaniards.

Whether Mr. Dickens has given us new types in his new work, is to us the most interesting question in regard to it, for we count the management of plot as comparatively unimportant in his fictions, and only value it as it develops his characters. If the plot is one in which a fitting part falls to each character, we think it successful, no matter what gross improbabilities it may involve as a scheme of action; it has to preserve in the characters consistency and harmony, and nothing more.

Some of the people in "Our Mutual Friend" must inevitably remind the reader of former creations by the same master. In Mr. Podsnap we have Mr. Bounderby, of Coketown, removed to London, and greatly enlarged and improved. Bounderby was exceptional in his former career; and, though we might meet his like at rare intervals, he was not of great use to epithet; but, as Podsnap, he becomes of universal acceptance. Podsnap is a word to be used for ever to name an otherwise unspeakably odious order of human creature, and the world will receive gratefully the author's suggestion of Podsnappery as a fit term for the thinking and doing of this kind of human creatures. Still, however, Podsnap is scarcely more than a more practicable Bounderby, and we cannot salute him as a novel type. In like manner, we have had earlier acquaintance with Lady Toppins, and knew that gray enchantress in "Dombey and Son" as Cleopatra. Lady Toppins, indeed, is less vulgar, and less a fool than Cleopatra; but she has much of her manner, and, with Major Bagstock for company instead of the young men Wrayburn and Lightwood, we suspect would do and say the same things that Cleopatra did. Rogue Riderhood, again, who gets his living by the sweat of his brow, is too nearly related to the honest tradesman in "The Tale of Two Cities" to be of great original value, and his daughter Pleasant, slightly as she is sketched, is more admirable as a creation. As for Lizzie Hexam, though her part is dwelt on a great deal, she fails to interest us, and we think her selfish, mean-souled brother an infinitely better work of art. One of the least natural characters in the book is one which was quite possibly copied from life, and one on which the author has unmistakably bestowed great pains—that of the doll's dress-maker, Miss Jenny Wren. The other women are all admirable in their way. Bella Wilfer is delicious; but it would be hard for any reader to say where he left off disliking her for a pert and selfish little wretch and began

liking her for the sweetest and best of lovely women; for long before her furious outburst against Mr. Boffin, the most bewitching goodness had been visible in her most bewitching badness. Her mother is almost as great a fool, pure and simple, as Mrs. Nickleby, which is the highest praise we can pronounce, unless we add that her folly is of quite a different sort—a serious and stately idiocy perfectly unique. Miss Podsnap is the very soul of bashful, nervous sincerity and artlessness, with only enough of the common mother of our race to make her frantically vindictive under the torture of polite attentions at her birth-day party. Mrs. Lammle would have been better managed by Thackeray, as, indeed, would the whole episode of the Lammles have been. But who besides Mr. Dickens could have so perfectly presented Mrs. Milvey and all her good, energetic little life by merely the virtue of that emphasis, recurrent and capricious, she bestows on her words?

The hero of the romance, if John Harmon be its hero, is a mere hinge on which the plot works, and, as a man, is utterly uninteresting. Neither does Mr. Boffin convey the impression of consistent character, and we cannot believe him fitted to play the part assigned him in Harmon's prolonged and clumsy *ruse*.

Eugene Wrayburn has a slight but genuine value in representing the sort of purposeless, graceful *ennui* which, no doubt, largely exists among well-educated and well-bred young men in England, but which our late war has terribly abolished among them here—for ever, let us hope. The author cures Wrayburn by that attempted murder, which the reader knows, and afterwards we find him so full of true and noble stuff that we are sorry not to have seen more of him. Bradley Headstone, as a study of murderous human nature, is not so good as other like studies by the author; but he is excellent as showing how barren and stony the mere culture of the mind leaves the soul; especially when this culture is not wide and deep enough to make the mental principle distrust its own infallibility. Mr. Alfred Lammle is not successful, it seems to us, though the author has taken pains to mark his devilishness with white dints in the nose, so that it may be recognized at all times; but Fascination Fledgeby is finely done, and admirably punished at last with the sort of retribution which the reader had instinctively longed for. It is curious with what skill Mr. Dickens manages beatings so as to lift them out of the province of farce and pantomime, and make them felicitous points of the drama, on which ladies and children may look "with cheerfulness and refreshment." There is an exquisite enjoyment to the reader in the thrashing which Nicholas Nickleby gives Squeers the schoolmaster, which we find also in the caning of Mr. Fledgeby under quite different circumstances; while we look with just as keen a relish on Sloppy dropping Mr. Wegg into the slush and garbage of the scavenger's cart. Not but that we have a high opinion of Mr. Wegg as a character. Indeed, we think him, altogether, the most original and successful character in the book; that mean and doggish sagacity which leads him to suspect a secret value in himself because some one seems to need him, and his wretched, groveling purpose not to let himself go cheap, though he could not say why he should be worth anything, are traits of human nature embodied in him with faultless art. His different bargains with Mr. Boffin are evidence of marvellous subtlety and keenness in the author's study of men; while Wegg's envy of Mr. Boffin's wealth, his sense of deadly injury received through the benefits bestowed on him, and his resolution to ruin his benefactor in return for them, are consequences resulting so naturally from existing tempers and relations that the reader may be slower than he should to discern the unique art with which they are made to appear. In fine, Wegg seems to have been not only born, but to have lost his leg, in order to be fitted perfectly for the part he plays in this book.

Mr. Dickens, in the postscript to his romance, says when he devised the story he foresaw the likelihood that a class of readers and commentators would suppose that he wished to conceal what he really tried to suggest—that is, the common identity of John Harmon and John Rokesmith. Impression of this sort, it must be confessed, was more creditable to Mr. Dick-

\* "Our Mutual Friend." By Charles Dickens. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.



ens's prophetic qualities than complimentary to his readers, among whom such a mistake was presumably possible. We think that, to people of very ordinary perspicacity and very moderate acquaintance with fiction, this part of the plot was visible from the beginning, though it does not seem to us very ingenious. Indeed, we find the plot scarcely to have even the secondary excellence which we would have demanded, for it appears to offer the different characters slight opportunity for consistent development, and it ends like a Christmas pantomime, with a most boisterous distribution of poetical justice. The motives assigned to the personages are rarely sufficient to account for their actions, and they all act parts which have little or no coherence or propriety. Indeed, the reader, after passing through the painful scenes of John Rokesmith's dismissal and year-long enmity with the Boffins, angrily resents the explanation offered him that John Rokesmith and Mr. Boffin were only making believe in order to prove Bella's devotion to the utmost—resents the explanation as a weak refuge from the events invented after their occurrence. In a young writer the device would be pronounced a puerile invention, and it has not even the justification of Mr. Boffin's long delusion of Mr. Wegg, for that brings out all the despotic baseness of Wegg's character; while John Harmon's *turn* leaves us no better acquainted with him than we were before, but rather disposed to like him less than before. The main plot of the book scarcely seems to concern the other characters who figure in different episodes of slender coherence; and one vainly asks himself at the end what any of them has done to help the story forward, though he would be loth to lose any of them from the book.

Whether the reader will think that Mr. Dickens has improved upon his former works in the present one, or has fallen below them in excellence, will greatly depend upon whether he can read him now with that eager sympathy which he gave to the perusal of his romances in other days. Men are prone to think (even when they are not very old men) that the pleasure and excellence of these days are not at all comparable to the pleasure and excellence of other days; and though "Our Mutual Friend" may be intrinsically as good as "David Copperfield," it is scarcely possible that any old-established admirer of "David Copperfield" should allow it. To him who read of the courtship in the latter book when he was himself first in love, and who reads of the courtship in the former book after having lived through the champagne of life, Dora must be infinitely more bewitching and lovable than Bella. So, if you please, the present writer would rather have the opinion of some intelligent person newly experienced in Mr. Dickens's former romances—if that person exists; and he would care more for the judgment of eighteen or twenty years than thirty or forty, in the matter. We think this ideal critic would pronounce that he found this last romance as full of generous interest as any earlier one; that he found in its pages the same intimate friendship with the nature of fields and woods and the nature of docks and streets; the same warm-blooded sympathy with poverty and lowliness; the same scorn of solemn and respectable selfishness, and of mean and disreputable cunning; the same subtle analysis of the motives and feelings and facts of crime; the same exuberant happiness in love and lovers; the same comprehension of what Carlyle calls "inarticulate natures;" the same gay, fantastic humor; the same capricious pathos. As to the manner, it should scarcely seem the old manner, though the critic could not tell where it departed from it; and for the style, could that ever have been more luminous, flexible, felicitous?

W. D. II.

## LIBRARY TABLE.

## THE MAGAZINES FOR NOVEMBER.

THE "Atlantic Monthly" for December is more noticeable for a list of distinguished contributors than for any very remarkable articles. The conjunction in a single issue of three such names as Charles Reade, Charles Dickens, and Charles Sumner would seem to promise an unusual literary treat. Added to these the names of William C. Bryant, Donald G. Mitchell,

Bayard Taylor, Gail Hamilton, Mrs. Stowe, and J. T. Trowbridge, and the "Atlantic" craft has about all its sails to the wind. But the number is not equal to several that have appeared during the year. The prettiest thing in the magazine is the pleasant sketch of Adelaide Procter, written by Charles Dickens—probably as an introduction to some forthcoming volume of her poems. Charles Reade's novel, "Griffith Gaunt," starts off in a readable way, four chapters developing a very fickle young lady and two lovers; one is mad with jealousy and the other is too shrewd to manifest any such detestable quality. The "Argosy," the new English magazine to be, will also give this novel, which bids fair to be one of the literary sensations of the year. The article of Mr. Sumner is a new and somewhat interesting version of the very old story of Scylla and Charybdis, having a moral that applies to the future of the republic. John Neal contributes a gossip article upon William Blackwood. Mr. Bryant's translation from the sixth book of the "Iliad," descriptive of the parting of Hector and Andromache, is not so satisfactory as Lord Derby's unpoetical though more literal translation. In fact, the poetry of the "Atlantic" is not at all up to the old standard. Mrs. Stowe enlarges upon woman's sphere under the rather meaningless title of "The Chimney Corner." Fortunately, the article is more inviting than the title would indicate. It shows good sense in advocating the elevation of housekeeping as a means of employment for women who are now going to factories and printing-offices. We suspect, however, that it is useless for one woman to preach to another upon this subject. Gail Hamilton talks theology under the title of "King James the First." Dr. Samuel Osgood writes some pertinent suggestions about "Books for Our Children," and Mr. Mitchell is as elegant and entertaining as ever with "Doctor Johns." The "Atlantic" makes some pleasant announcements for the coming year.

"HARPER'S MONTHLY" opens with an exceedingly entertaining and instructive article entitled "Making the Magazine." A cynical mind might be inclined to regard it as a puff of Messrs. Harper Brothers, but the information it imparts cannot but interest the general public. It is profusely illustrated throughout. "The Natural Wealth of Virginia" is a very timely paper, and contains hints that capitalists should consider, but very carefully, however. "Names of Men" is a gossip notice of proper names, containing nothing new, but putting in a popular form information generally known to philologists alone. A very entertaining and in some respects discriminating notice of Boston and its people is the article bearing the caption of "A Village in Massachusetts." Of the two serials which have appeared for some time past in this magazine, "Our Mutual Friend" is concluded, and Wilkie Collins's "Armada" is continued to chapter ix. of the fourth book. The stories in this number are poor, and the poetry is only fair. The table of contents embraces, in addition to the articles already mentioned, the following: "A Common Story;" "The Royal Portraits;" "First and Last, a Retrospect;" "Sally's Disappointment;" "Aspirations;" "Our Thanksgiving;" "Death;" "At Christmas Time;" "Happy and Unhappy Marriages;" and the usual "Easy Chair," "Record of Current Events," and "Editor's Drawer."

"HOURS AT HOME" for December is, in the main, a very readable number. The leading article, by G. M. Towle, on "France and America," is an able plea for the maintenance of kindly feeling between the two nations despite the tortuously diplomatic course of the French Emperor. "My Moonbeam," by George B. Peck, M.D., is one of the most pleasing bits of sentimental poetry that we have seen for some time. The finest articles in this number are the sketch of William Wirt, by Rev. E. H. Gillett, D.D., and a review of Mr. White's Shakespeare, by Professor John S. Hart. Rev. Joseph P. Thompson, D.D., contributes a description of the national cemetery at Gettysburg, which is accompanied by a picture of the monument as it will be when completed, and a plan of the cemetery itself. The remaining articles in the magazine are as follows: "Gustavus Adolphus," by Archbishop Trench; "Geoffrey the Lollard," by Frances Eastwood; the "Greek Slave" (in rhyme), by Mrs. E. L. S.; "A Match—how made," by Professor M. Schele De Vere;

"Æsthetic Culture," by Joseph Alden, D.D.; "Gipsy Life in Europe" (a most entertaining and instructive paper, by the way), by Professor William Wells; "Hagar's Farewell," a poem, by Mrs. Augusta Moore; "Short Sermons for Sunday-school Teachers," by Rev. C. J. Robinson; "Père la Chaise," by Col. J. G. Wilson; "The Story of a Hymn;" "One Day with Sherman Coastward," by Major R. H. Wilbur; "Christian Democracy," by E. J. Porter, D.D.; "Philip Van Artevelde," by Miss McFarlane; "Francis Wayland, D.D.," by Professor J. B. Angell; "October—the Green Hill-side" (rather late in the day), and a few poor book notices.

"OUR YOUNG FOLKS" signalizes the close of its first year with a very handsome and entertaining number. There is no other so beautiful a publication for the boys and girls on either side the water. Miss Prescott anticipates the Christmas merry-making with a musical poem; Charles Gardette tells "The Doll's Story;" T. B. Aldrich gives another sketch from the "Studios," by reading which grown folks may learn somewhat of the way that statues are made; J. T. Trowbridge continues "Half-hours with Father Brighthopes," with a capital illustration by Hoppin; Carleton adds an installment of "Winning his Way," while Oliver Optic and Mayne Reid contribute to the number. This magazine has proved a success within the short period of a year, but we are inclined to think that its success might have been and may be much greater by yielding a little more to the miscellaneous and multitudinous tastes of the young folks. The articles are too lengthy and stilted, and there is too little of downright fun and frolic. But a field has been opened in this country which, we doubt not, will be well cultivated in the future.

## LITERARIANA.

## AMERICAN.

MR. FREDERICK SAUNDERS, of the Astor Library, known as a *littérateur* by his "Salad for the Solitary," "Mosaics," etc., is the compiler of an illustrated volume which Messrs. Bunce & Huntington are about to publish. It is entitled "Festival of Song," its object being, we conceive, to bring together as many as possible of the golden words of the poets, English and American, beginning with old "Dan Chaucer, the first warbler," and ending with the singers of the present day and hour. The materials are divided into six sections, or "Evenings," as Mr. Saunders calls them, a supposititious week being devoted to the subject, which implies, of course, anything but an exhaustive treatment of it. He selects from the best-known of the poets, for his work lays no claim to research, the pieces by which they are best known,

—Jewels

Which on the stretched forefinger of All Time  
Sparkle for ever,"

and arranges them in a setting of his own, careless, sketchy, discursive, with here and there a bit of personal gossip or history, or the weighty opinion of some great name, gathered in the course of his desultory reading. It is not what he has done in this line, however, nor the general excellence of his selections, which makes his volume one of the most beautiful, if not, indeed, the most beautiful yet published in this country, but the delicacy, and grace, and spirit of its illustrations, and the really admirable way in which they have been engraved and printed. As a specimen of American work we recall nothing so successful, and we have not forgotten the illustrated "Sketch Book" of the season before last, nor Dr. Palmer's beautiful "Folk Songs," which we trust is not out of print yet. The illustrations of Mr. Saunders's volume are seventy-three in number, all of which, we believe, are from drawings by members of our National Academy of Design. We miss no names with which we are acquainted, not even the greatest, who in this country are too apt to shrink from drawing on wood, partly, we suppose, because it does not pay as compared with their work in color and oil, and partly, we fear, because they really care nothing for American art outside of their own special walks. They have come forward handsomely in this instance, however, we are happy to say, and have done their talents, if not in all cases full justice, in most much more than credit. The seventy-three designs represent, we should judge, in the neighborhood of thirty different artists, the most noted of whom, as Church and Bierstadt, furnishing but one each, the hard work of the volume being done by their lesser brethren, Mr. James Hart, for instance, contributing three drawings, Mr. Samuel Colman four, Mr.



William Hart five, and Mr. Alfred Fredericks as many as fifteen. Mr. Fredericks, indeed, seems to have been the tried and trusty worker, who was always within call and always to be depended on. The best of his drawings, to our taste, are the interior of the Tabard, Chaucer's old inn at Southwark, now, we believe, in process of demolition; "Juliet taking the opiate;" "Ariel and Ferdinand;" the initials to the "Third and Fourth Evenings;" "The Haunted Chamber," a strange and weird glimpse of Hood's "Haunted House;" and "Nature," a marvelous little sea piece, containing a solitary figure on a sea-beach, a long swell of surf, ships in the distance, and flocks of whirling birds in the vaporous sky. Mr. William Hart's four little season pictures, on pages 13, 14, and 15, are perfectly delicious, and admirably rendered by the engraver. Not so good, as a whole, is his illustration to the "Cotter's Saturday Night," although the sky is excellent, particularly its "black'ning trains o' craws," which really appear to be overhead and moving. Mr. James Hart's "Deer," on page 8, is as beautiful as it is tender, and wonderfully rendered both by the engraver and printer. His spring landscape, on page 55, is not a success; his "Moonrise," on page 303, is—being a very noticeable bit of landscape, with a group of deer in the foreground. Mr. Shattuck has a charming knot of primroses, on page 43, as fresh and dewy as dear old Herrick's poem, which they illustrate. Mr. Colman's "Starlight," on page 50, is beyond the average of his designs, but much inferior to his "Bull-fight," on page 180, a tiny bit of a drawing which any artist might be glad to sign his name to. We are not sure that it is not the best thing in the book; for its size, we think it is. Mr. Kensett's "Summer Sea," on page 37, is finely drawn, and has had full justice done it by the engraver. Mr. Eastman Johnson's "Nun," on page 65, has something very attractive about her, though she certainly is not the "pensive nun" of the "Penseroso;" her face is especially beautiful for its virginal purity. Noticeable, also, are the "Evening" of Mr. Parsons, on page 69, the sky of which is remarkably luminous; the "Summer Morn" of Mr. Bellows, on page 73; Mr. McEntee's "Twilight" and "Winter Scene," on pages 82 and 139; Mr. Hows's "Language of Flowers," on page 121, and his "Primeval Nature," on page 237; Mr. Church's "Niagara Table Rock" on page 163; Mr. Gignoux's "Dismal Swamp," on page 216, the sky of which is finely rendered; Mr. Bierstadt's "Prairie Hunter," on page 228; Mr. Durand's "Nutting," on page 266; Mr. Gifford's "Adirondack Mountains," on page 292, and his "Woodpath," on page 333, the last being, perhaps, the best interpretation of woodland foliage in the volume; Mr. Benson's "Among the Rocks," on page 339, a remarkable drawing, which indicates the immensity as well as the wildness of the sea; and Mr. Brevoort's "November," on page 366, the perfection of a desolate autumn landscape. The list, long as it is, by no means exhausts the successful illustrations of Mr. Saunders's volume, which is the best monument of the kind that our artists have yet raised for themselves, being quite as much a festival of art as of song. So far it is the book of the year in America.

VERY different, but still beautiful, is a large illustrated volume, entitled "Pictures of Society, Grave and Gay: from the Pencils of Celebrated Artists and the Pens of Popular Authors"—an English book, of which Messrs. Hurd & Houghton are the American publishers. It contains ninety-one full-page wood engravings, such as are now the fashion in the illustrated English magazines, particularly in "London Society," from which, by the way, the present specimens are taken, accompanied, in most cases, by the text for which they were originally drawn. The number of artists represented is between thirty and forty, containing a good many, to us, unknown names, and a few which we remember as having done good service in illustrated books, such men as C. H. Bennett, J. D. Watson, George Thomas, J. E. Millais, F. R. Pickersgill, E. H. Corbould, G. Du Maurier, and Miss Ellen Edwards. The character of their drawings, and, indeed, of most of the others, is what one would be led to expect from the title of the volume, being, in the fullest sense, "pictures of society"—meaning thereby English society of the present time. The greater portion of them are beautiful, being as successful from a mechanical as from an artistic point of view. The most noticeable, perhaps, are these: "Blankton Weir," by J. D. Watson, a couple of young people in light and shadow, which are admirably rendered; "The Letter," by M. Lawless; "Singing and Dreaming," by G. Du Maurier; "I Remember," by J. E. Millais; "At Anchor," by Alfred W. Cooper; "Brighton Beach" and "Fine Ladies and Donkey-boys, and Such Like," a pair of watering-place views, by William McConnell and C. H. Doyle; "Charitable Society at a Fancy Fair," by

George Thomas; "Prayer," "An Evening Stroll," and "Evenings Long Ago," by J. D. Watson; "A Frank Courtship," by Ellen Edwards; "Drifting," by A. W. Cooper; "A Carpet Dance," by G. Du Maurier; "Choosing Partners," by Frederick Walker; "A Sprig of Holly," by Edward J. Poynter, to whom we take off our hat as a great artist; "A Game at Cards," by Florence Claxton; "Suspense," by Charles Green; "The Ebbing Tide," by T. B. Dalziel, another great artist; "A Peace Offering," by Ellen Edwards; "A Young Couple," by A. W. Cooper; and "Thinking of Heaven," by J. D. Watson. The class of subjects illustrated in these drawings, and others which we might point out, imparts a character to the volume to which no other illustrated work of the day can lay claim, viz., that of being a faithful and full representation of modern English society in its various phases,—a gallery of well-painted pictures, portraits of its sturdy, manly men, and its fresh, lovely, high-bred women, with an occasional landscape, or bit of water, all of which are unmistakably English. Something of England—the trifle implied in the crime and destitution of her large cities, and the ignorance and squalor of her rural population—is not depicted here, where, indeed, it would be as strangely out of place as a skeleton at a feast. It is England at her best, the England of the rich not the poor, that we see, and she is, it must be confessed, as rich and beautiful as she is powerful and merciless. The literary portion of the volume, of which we have said nothing, is from good, but not great writers, the best known being Mrs. S. C. Hall, Mr. "Festus" Bailey, Mr. Walter Thornbury, Mr. Frederick Lockyer, "Cuthbert Bede," and Mr. Thomas Hood, who evidently finds his father's name a "tower of strength" as well as a profitable inheritance. He writes too much to write well, a common fault of young England in literature. Altogether, as the reader may have inferred, we think highly of these "Pictures of Society."

"Beautiful exceedingly" is an illustrated edition of Mrs. Barbauld's "Hymns in Prose for Children," which Messrs. Hurd & Houghton publish in connection with Mr. John Murray, of London. It is a perfect gem of a book, containing over one hundred designs of children, and flowers, and trees, and insects, and animals—whatever, in fact, the text calls for, nineteen out of twenty of which designs are charming, the most charming of the kind that we have ever seen. The artists, four or five, whose names are new to us, have caught the beauty and grace of childhood. To particularize the drawings which struck us in looking through the volume would be too much like making a catalogue; we content ourselves, therefore, with praising it in general terms as an exquisite little volume.

In addition to the illustrated works mentioned above, Messrs. Hurd & Houghton publish two others of an entirely different character. "The Twenty-Third Psalm," and "The Three Kings of the Orient, a Christmas Carol," by John H. Hopkins, Jr. They are printed in colors—a branch of art looking up in this country, though far from a successful one yet—and may be described as specimens of illumination, the chief characteristics of which, as floral margins and emblazoned initial letters, they represent with fair success. The coloring is, for the most part, in good taste, and the drawings as graceful as we have any right to expect in works of the sort. The most striking of the designs is, perhaps, that which illustrates the fourth verse of the "Twenty-Third Psalm," a margin of funeral flowers as gloomy as those that grow in the locality spoken of, "the valley of the shadow of death."

A very handsome book of its kind is the large octavo entitled "Songs of Praise and Poems of Devotion in the Christian Centuries," edited by Mr. Henry Coppée, professor of English literature in the University of Pennsylvania, and published by Messrs. E. H. Butler & Co., of Philadelphia. Its plan differs, to some extent, from any recent collection of sacred poetry with which we are acquainted, in that it gives us copious selections from the earliest hymn-writers of the Christian Church, St. Joseph of the Studium, St. Anatolius, St. Andrew of Crete, St. John Damascene, St. Cosmas, St. Theophanes, and other of their saintly brethren; the more modern portion of it does not possess the same interest, since it merely reintroduces us to scores of well-known friends and acquaintances among the sacred singers of the time. We meet many of our old favorites, some of whom seem to be pressed into the service of the compiler on account of their having sat for their portraits aforetime—in other words, because there were good illustrations ready made for them. Such are the selections from Mrs. Browning, "Sleep," Hannah More's "Midnight Hymn," Mrs. Hemans' "Traveller's Evening Song," and Keble's "Nature and Grace," all of which are accompanied by the portraits of the writers, a sort of illustration which strikes us as hardly in keeping with the general character of the vol-

ume. For the rest of the illustrations—there are sixty in all—the majority of them are good, particularly those designed by Schmolze, who, failing, to a certain extent, in figure-pieces, almost invariably succeeds in landscape, for which he has a genuine though not strong feeling, reproducing the grace and sweetness of nature, its cultivated pastoral landscapes, with poetic tenderness and beauty. To say that he recalls some of the best of the English artists of forty years ago is to praise him, though it implies that he is somewhat conventional. Of Roberts, Schuensele, and the one or two other artists who figure here, the less we say the better, since we cannot commend them. The criticism that we pass upon this volume, which contains much that is excellent, not forgetting the readable and intelligent "Introduction" of the editor, and which is really handsome, is that it belongs to an obsolete, not to say extinct, species of illustrated books—that of which steel-engraving was once the glory, though it now possesses no saving grace, "done to death" as it is by the greater force, and variety, and excellence of wood-engraving, which is in the ascendancy, and will be for many a year to come.

MESSRS. CHARLES SCRIBNER & Co. have nearly ready a unique volume in which the ancient art of illumination is reproduced more successfully than in any work hitherto published in this country. An earlier specimen, a volume of selections from American poets, illustrated by an English amateur, Mr. T. Gwilt Mapleson, made a noise here some ten or fifteen years ago; but excellent as it was considered, we have no hesitation in pronouncing it crude beside the work in question, which is entitled "Christian Armour: Illustrations of the Christian Warfare as embodied in the Exhortation of the Apostle Paul, 'Take unto you the whole Armour of God.'" We content ourselves this week with this mere announcement; hereafter we shall examine it in detail.

THE lovers of good, thoughtful reading are indebted to Mr. Matthew Arnold for two long and appreciative papers on the Guérins, brother and sister, in his last volume, "Essays on Criticism." What he said of the latter, the tender and gentle Eugénie de Guérin, led to the translation of her "Journal," which has just been published in England, and is for sale here through the new firm of Alexander Strahan & Co. We have not had time to examine it carefully, but we have read enough of it to see that the praise which he bestowed upon the beautiful girl, whose life it shadows forth, was deserved, and to commend her earnest, truthful, and pathetic "Journal" to our readers. To stumble on the record of so divine a soul in this era of Braddonism is like meeting an angel unawares.

HON. HENRY W. HILLIARD, mentioned, in our review of his book entitled "De Vane," as having been a member of the late Confederate Congress, we are informed was never connected with that body.

A CORRESPONDENT from Coventry, Vt., who seems not to have seen the paragraph in last week's ROUND TABLE in which we recuscitated Mr. George Spencer Phillips at the expense of his supposed *alter ego*, the late John Ross Dix, sends us the gossip below in reference to the subject, continuing, it will be noticed, the mistake which we have corrected:

The late George Spencer Phillips spent one or two of the latter years of his life in Vermont, lecturing a little, writing country correspondence for city newspapers, and preparing the recollections of his literary life which were published in the *Leader*. It was his original intention to publish them as a volume, with the title "Twenty Years with my Pen," which accounts for their being finished before they were sold to the *Leader*; but his own destitute condition compelled him to sell them in that market which would yield the speediest return. His twenty years with his pen were productive of more than a score of volumes, to say nothing of newspaper, magazine, and review articles almost innumerable. He made his *début* as an author nearly forty years ago, having published a volume of poems as early as 1827. From that time he was never without some literary labor in hand. He wrote prose and poetry, history, biography, romance, essays, and whatever else might best meet the demand of the hour. Possibly the list of his books which he gave me is the only complete one that can readily be found, and the publication of it may furnish material for a memorial of the unfortunate author. It is as follows: "Lays of Home and Other Poems;" "Life of Thomas Chatterton;" "Introduction to Human Anatomy;" "Outlines of Chemistry, for the use of Students;" "Pen-and-Ink Sketches;" "Local Loiterings;" "Local Legends and Rambling Rhymes;" "Transatlantic Tracings;" "Lions, Living and Dead;" "Passages from the History of a Wasted Life;" "The Ledger of Life;" "The Worth of the Worthless;" "The Perils of Physic, or the Apothecary's Progress;" "Marmaduke Midge, or the Legatee;" "Pen Portraits of American Preachers;" "Pen Pictures of English Preachers;" "History of Cape Cod;" "Hand-book of Newport and Rhode Island;" "Life and Services of Henry Clay;" "A Rough Ride through part of Ireland;" "History of Bristol, England;" "Welsh Legends;" "Six Short Yarns spun round the Galley Fire." He was



no less ready with his pencil than with his pen, and could sketch a landscape or a portrait with as much facility as he could write the letter-press to accompany them. At least one of his works was illustrated from his own sketches, and perhaps others also were. One of the very best portraits of the late Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher was engraved from a pencilling by him. He had talents which approximated in some particulars to genius, and had his self-control and other moral qualities been equal to his literary abilities, he would have had no occasion to write "Passages from the History of a Wasted Life."

P. H. W.

#### FOREIGN.

THE German Shakespeare Society held a general meeting at Weimar lately, where the president, Prof. Ulrich, of Halle, reported on the success of the society, which appears to have been fair, all things considered, and where Prof. Bodenstedt, of Munich, distributed among the members the first volume of a "Shakespeare Annual," which he edited, and which contained contributions by Profs. Bernays, Cohn, Delius, Elze, Von Frusen, Koberstein, Köhler, Förster, Leo, Schöll, Ulrich, and himself. Materials for a second volume, he said, were already in the hands of the printer, and contained articles on "Shakespeare in Germany," "Shakespeare's Sonnets," "Hamlet in France," "Shakespeare and Sophocles," and "Shakespeare, a Catholic Poet." Herr Moritz read a financial report, which was tolerably satisfactory, and from which we learn that each member of the society pays an annual contribution of three thalers, for which he receives the "Shakespeare Annual" in return. Donations were acknowledged from the Grand Duchess of Weimar, the King of Saxony, the Crown Prince of Prussia, and several private gentlemen. The librarian, Dr. Köhler, of Weimar, had ready his catalogue of the newly-founded Shakespeare Library, which so far does not exceed one hundred volumes, among which, however, are several rare editions. The business of the meeting over, the members of the society spent a pleasant evening at the theater, where "A Midsummer-Night's Dream" was acted.

THE first number of a new kind of a periodical, entitled "The Scattered Nation; or, The Past, Present, and Future of Israel," is about to be published in London. Its object is to inform its readers every month of what the Jew is doing for himself and what is being done for him by the Christian Churches and Societies of Great Britain, the Continent, and America.

THE anatomical drawings and writings of Leonardo da Vinci, which are amongst the choicest treasures in the Royal Library at Windsor Castle, are about to be published in fac-simile, by permission of the Queen. They are contained, we are informed, in about two hundred detached leaves of note-books, and appear to be the records of studies commenced as his needful training in art, and perhaps have been employed in the great treatise on painting which he afterwards projected. But he carried his researches far beyond what was required for these purposes, and arrived at results which entitle him to a place in the foremost rank of discoveries in this branch of science. Vasari, after describing (with a little pardonable inaccuracy) these works, reports the opinion entertained of them in his day. "It appears," he says, "almost incredible that this sublime genius could at the same time discourse, as he has done, of art, and of the muscles, nerves, veins, and any part of the frame, all treated with equal diligence and success." And Dr. William Hunter, who saw them in the last century, in the royal collection, thus expressed his appreciation of them: "When I consider what pains he has taken upon every part of the body, the superiority of his universal genius, his particular excellence in mechanics and hydraulics, and the attention with which such a man would examine and see objects which he was to draw, I am fully persuaded that Leonardo was the best anatomist at that time in the world."

The whole work will consist of about two hundred and fifty plates, in folio, with the text of the MS. printed in full, together with English and French translations, and all needful notes and elucidations. Mr. Panizzi, principal librarian of the British Museum, is to superintend the text, and Dr. Sharpey, secretary of the Royal Society and professor of anatomy and physiology in University College, London, will assist in the preparation of the scientific commentary. It will be published in twenty parts, at one guinea each, by Messrs. Trübner & Co.

A STATUE has lately been erected to the memory of Buffon in his native town, Montbard, in France. His tomb, it will be remembered, was destroyed during the Revolution, the lead of his coffin melted, and his bones scattered. A small pillar raised by his son, in front of the tower in which his father worked, was for a long

time the sole tribute to his memory. The statue recently erected at Montbard is said, by the French journals, to be very like the great naturalist.

THE professorship of English language and literature in University College, London, lately vacated by Prof. Masson, on his appointment to the late Prof. Aytoun's chair in the University of Edinburgh, has been applied for by Mr. Samuel Lucas, editor of the "Shilling Magazine," and one of the staff of the *Times*. Among Mr. Masson's predecessors, the reader may like to know, were Mr. Tom Taylor, the dramatist, and the late Arthur Clough, the poet.

THE English edition of the Holy Bible, with M. Gustave Doré's illustrations, will be published in monthly parts at half a crown each, the first appearing on the first of January, 1866. These unique creations of M. Doré's genius consist of two hundred and thirty large page drawings, the production of which is said to have occupied him four years, and to have cost the French publisher more than £15,000 for drawing and engraving alone.

A NEW "History of India," by Mr. J. Talboys Wheeler, is in the press, the first installment of which will extend to three volumes octavo. The first and second volumes will contain, it is said, his history proper, during the Hindu period, while the third volume will comprise English versions of the Mahabharata and Ramayana, with important extracts from the different Puranas. The great epics just mentioned, which are of interminable length, will be brought within compass by the omission of all repetitions, and the cutting away those palpable fables which fill so large a part of the Mahabharata, originally introduced for the sole purpose of ascribing supernatural powers to the Brahmins. The forthcoming version will, we believe, be the first ever undertaken in English.

#### PERSONAL.

MR. L. P. BROWN, Secretary to the United States Legation at Constantinople, will shortly publish a work of considerable interest, entitled "The Dervishes; or, Oriental Spiritualism." It will comprise eighteen chapters, the first of which will be a *résumé* by the compiler, and the last a biography of Ali, by Shemsid Din Sinesser. It will be illustrated with about forty drawings.

PROFESSOR VINCENZO BOTTA's recent work on Dante, concerning the merits of which the critics are divided, is characterized in a recent number of the *Athenæum* as "a learned digest of the most recent labors on the science and philosophy of Dante, with much original matter, showing that the author has fully comprehended his subject, and has been privileged to sit at that banquet of angels' food, which, with loving care, the poet spread for his more intimate friends. He has penetrated the mind of Dante, and conversed with him face to face."

MR. WILLIAM WINTER, of *The Albion and Weekly Review*, is to edit the remains of the late George Arnold, a labor of love for which he is eminently fitted, from his intimate acquaintance with the deceased writer, and his knowledge of the various and often obscure sources in which he wrote, casting his bread upon the waters, to rise again ere many days be past. Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, it is whispered, will publish the poet's memorial of his friend.

MR. WILLIAM EVELYN, of New Orleans, announces a new southern monthly magazine, to be called "The Crescent Monthly." Among the regular contributors will be William Gilmore Simms, Hon. John Forsyth, Hon. Vincent Evelyn, of Eng., Prof. Dimitry, Prof. W. S. Chase, Judge Alexander Walker, Judge Semple, John R. Thompson, Esq., D. C. Jenkins, Esq., Paul H. Hayne, Henry Timrod, James R. Randall, Geo. H. Meek, Harry Lyndon Flash, John Esten Cook, and other well-known southern writers. We understand that a large subscription list has already been procured, which, with Mr. Evelyn's taste and experience, will promise success to the enterprise. The first number will appear early in December, to be in size and appearance like the old "Putnam's Monthly." It can hardly fail of a warm reception throughout the South.

Mr. Charles Reade is the editor of the new magazine, "The Argosy," the feature of which will probably be his serial, "Griffith Gaunt; or, Jealousy," the opening chapters of which appear in the December number of the "Atlantic Monthly."

Another English, or rather Irish, writer of the same name, though it is differently spelled, has condescended to enlighten the public in relation to his affairs, and by the usual method, a letter in the newspapers. Mr. Reid, our readers may remember, is the Irishman who applied for the Jackson snuff-box years ago, on the ground that

he was the "bravest of the brave" in the Mexican war. Here is his note

"The enclosed, which I clip from the *London Review*, appears to be 'going the round of the papers.' Captain Mayne Reid's new novel of 'The Headless Horseman' is spoken of as about to be dramatized for representation at Astley's. The prairie hunter capering about without his head will, it is thought, prove the greatest theatrical sensation at present announced. May I request space in your columns to say that the paragraph above quoted is the earliest information I have received of the fact (or fiction) to which it refers. That the story in question being an entirely original conception, and not yet before the public, I defy any theatrical playwright, or scribe of the Hippodrome, not gifted with clairvoyance, to give a correct dramatic version of it. That having suffered considerable damage through the dramatizing of several of my novels ('Scalp Hunters,' 'War Trail,' 'Half-Blood,' and 'Quadroon,' under the spurious title of 'Octoroon'—a name not even known in Louisiana!), done not only without my consent, but without the more scanty courtesy of consulting me, I have this time taken the precaution (called for by the incompleteness of our copyright law) to dramatize the story myself. With your permission, then, I beg leave to intimate to all theatrical managers that it must be 'hands off' with the 'Headless Horseman!' This silent gentleman has yet many months of weary wandering before him—many journeyings through prairie and chapparal—many perils by flood and field—and until these be passed, it is hoped that no unhalloved hand will be laid on his bridle-rein."

MAYNE REID.

Mr. Brunet, the distinguished French bibliographer, who is now in his eighty-sixth year, intends, it is said, to publish, in the course of three years, a supplement to the fifth edition of the "Manuel des Libraires," containing the *errata* and *addenda* accumulated by him during the progress of the work through the press. Should he not live to finish his task, the materials will be handed over to one of his friends for posthumous publication.

#### ANNOUNCEMENTS.

##### AMERICAN.

Mr. G. W. CARLETON announces a new novel by the author of "Wylder's Hand," and "The Mother," by Eugene Pelletan.

Messrs. Hurd & Houghton have just ready "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures, Illustrated," and "Across the Continent," by Samuel Bowles.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. will at once publish "The Life of Man Symbolized by the Months of the Year, in their Seasons and Phases; with Passages selected from Ancient and Modern Authors," by Richard Pigott.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have in the press "Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi and its Tributaries, and of the Discovery of the Lakes Shirwa and Nyassa 1858-1864," by David and Charles Livingstone; "Social Life of the Chinese: with some Account of their Religious, Governmental, Educational, and Business Customs and Opinions," by Rev. Justus Doolittle; "Half a Million of Money" and "Hand and Glove," by Amelia B. Edwards; "Guy Deverell," by J. S. Le Fanu; and "Agnes," by Mrs. Oliphant.

Messrs. Roberts Brothers announce "The Book of the Sonnet," by Leigh Hunt, and "Sweet Counsel: A Book for Girls," by Sarah Tytler.

Messrs. Lee & Shepard have nearly ready "Fighting Joe," by "Oliver Optic."

Mr. S. R. Urbino has in the press "Goethe's Hermann and Dorothea, with English Notes," "Schiller's Maria Stuart, with English Notes," and "George Sand's Petite Fadette, with English Notes."

Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. will soon publish "Anyta, and other Poems," by George H. Calvert, and a new edition of "The Gentleman," by the same author.

Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. have nearly ready "The Belton Estate," by Anthony Trollope, "Chandos" and "Idalia," by "Ouida," and "Auguste Comte and Positivism," by John Stuart Mill, M.P.

##### FOREIGN.

THE REV. S. C. MALAN will soon publish "A History of the Georgian Church," translated from the Russian of P. Iselian.

Dr. M. V. Chapman has in the press "Hebrew Idyls and Dramas," reprinted from "Fraser's Magazine."

Mr. John Ruskin has nearly ready "Ethics of Dust, being Ten Lectures to Little Housewives."

Mrs. Frances Anne Kemble is about to publish a new volume of poems.

Miss Catharine Macready, a daughter of the celebrated tragedian, is announced as the author of a volume of poems, entitled "Cap and Cowl."

Mr. Charles Algernon Swinburne is reprinting his earlier works, "The Queen Mother" and "Rosamond."

Mr. Richard Stephen Chamock, Ph.D., etc., has nearly ready, "Verba Nominalia; or, Words Derived from Proper Names."

Mr. Joseph House has in the press "A Grammar of the Cree Language, with which is combined an Analysis of the Chippeway Dialect."

Mr. George Catlin announces "O-Kee-Pa; A Religious Ceremony of the Mandans."

Miss Eliza Cook, the whilom poetess, will soon publish a new work, entitled "Diamond Dust."

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The postage on *THE ROUND TABLE* is FIVE CENTS a quarter of a year, if paid in advance, either at the mailing office or office of delivery. Subscribers will please bear this in mind, and arrange for the postage on the paper at the office at which they receive it.

## THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1865.

THE President of the United States having set apart Thursday of the ensuing week as a day of national thanksgiving and prayer, the forthcoming number of *THE ROUND TABLE* will appear a day earlier than usual. Newsdealers will please bear in mind that their copies of the paper will be ready for delivery Wednesday morning instead of Thursday. Advertisers will likewise consult their own interests by sending in early orders, as an unusually large edition will be printed.

The contents of the next number of *THE ROUND TABLE* will have special reference to the great festival of the week; but as he is a poor host who submits his bill of fare to his guests in advance, the conductors of the paper content themselves with this general announcement. Suffice it to say, that *THE ROUND TABLE* for Thanksgiving week will contain several extra leaves, which will admit of a bountiful entertainment for those who may gather about it.

## CONCERNING THANKSGIVING SERMONS.

AS the day of national thanksgiving and prayer approaches, it may be taken for granted that the clergymen throughout the country, particularly those in the loyal states, are racking their brains for the material for what is known as a "Thanksgiving Sermon." In the olden times the delivery of the annual discourse was a notable event both for the minister and his hearers. The latter were taught to look forward to it as the greatest occurrence in church of the whole year. To be sure, there was the Fast-day sermon, but around that clung memories of empty stomachs, resulting from a limited disbursement of food at the family table. It savored strongly of biliousness on the part of the clergyman and unappeased hunger on the part of the congregation. It was expected of that great man, the minister, on that occasion, to relieve himself of all the pent-up wrath against personal and political opponents which had accumulated in his brain for a year; and the congregation listened to his diatribes with that mingled reverence and disgust with which a child gazes upon the doctor who prescribes for its benefit Epsom salts. But no such associations were attached to Thanksgiving-day. To the youthful mind it embraced two great facts, to wit: the religious services at church and the grand dinner at home. The natural depravity of the juvenile heart regarded the former as a necessary prelude to the latter, just as the possessors of that heart were induced to gulp down nauseous drugs upon the promise of toothsome sweet-meats immediately afterwards. To the adult mind, however, the case presented a different aspect. It regarded the sermon as the main incident of the day. Accustomed to sleep soundly through the delivery of the Sabbath discourses, it was both novel and pleasing to listen to the preacher on Thanksgiving-day. For once the "doctrines" were forgotten, and in their stead the occupant of the pulpit expounded his views upon the great questions of the day. Recreant officials received their just dues; the Pilgrim Fathers were eulogized in language that would affright a rhetorician; old England and the Pope were shown up in a manner that was astonishing for everything but accuracy; while the "stars and stripes" were apostrophized in words eminently calculated to inspire every listener with awe and patriotism. Nor

was this all. The minister enjoyed the festivities of the day as well as the hearers. He fired his biggest gun on that occasion. Old scores that had worn upon him for the year past he then paid off with compound interest. His ideas of government, his views upon the great political questions of the time, sly hits at the management of town affairs, and broad generalizations on the problems of the age—all these slipped glibly from his tongue as he pounded the pulpit cushion and gazed through his silver-rimmed spectacles on the gaping assemblage before him. Many of the old associations which, in the mind of every New Englander, cluster about this old New England festival now exist but in memory. Only the service at church and the dinner at home remain. The latter we dismiss at this point; for the present we shall confine our observations to the former.

First of all, we beg to assure the pastors of the country that the people are tolerably well informed as to the cause or causes of the late war. There is, probably, not a man in the land, North or South, who has not well-defined views upon this subject. Strange as it may seem, the now historical fact that Fort Sumter was fired upon on a bright sunny morning in April, 1861, and the subsequent uprising of a great nation, are not perfectly unfamiliar to the church-going portion of the American people. Nor is it likely that many persons are totally uninformed of the surrender of General Lee and the consequent collapse of the rebellion early last spring. Equally familiar is it to intelligent minds that Great Britain contributed not a little to furnishing privateers for the late so-called Confederate States, and that Maximilian, supported by French guns and French soldiers, has set at defiance the Monroe doctrine by attempting to maintain the extremely barren honor of being Emperor of Mexico. These are a few leading facts of which the American people may be presumed to be not wholly ignorant. We would also remind certain of our clergymen that slavery, though "the sum of all villainies," is abolished on this continent, and certain others that "abolitionists" are creatures of the past. The crack of the slave-driver's whip, together with the clamor of the so-called "fanatic" for the abolition of slavery, is silenced. These incidents in our recent history, and others intimately connected therewith, the preacher may presume that the people at large have at least heard of, and will not listen to the announcement of them as things new and heretofore unheard of.

We trust that none of our readers will misinterpret the spirit in which these words are uttered. For the last four years the Thanksgiving sermons of most of our clergymen have been little else than stale campaign speeches, labeled with a text from the Scriptures and padded with some theology and more partisanship. We intend no insinuations against what is termed "preaching politics." (The stoutest opponents of this never complain so long as their minister utters opinions that coincide with their own). Even granting, for the moment, that the pulpit has done the harm in this respect which some argue that it has, we claim that it has also done yeoman service for the government during the time of its trial. Exceptions there may have been, but, as a class, the ministers of the Gospel have been thoroughly patriotic throughout the recent war, and oftentimes have expressed their opinions openly when, to all appearances, the withholding of them would have been of positive advantage. But at this time we look to the American pulpit for that influence which can emanate from no other source. Like the old Puritans, its representatives have shown themselves valiant in the day of battle, and, like the old Puritans, let them prove themselves magnanimous in the hour of triumph. Worldly statesmanship may accomplish much at such a period as this, but Christian statesmanship, imbued with the principles of the Christian religion and enunciated by its appointed ambassadors, can do more. This latter we need to-day. Wherefore we ask the pastors of our churches to forget the things that are past and impress upon their charges the solemn responsibilities of the present. The passions of men are to be allayed and their judgment quickened. No policy of reconstruction can be thoroughly efficacious unless the temper of the people

is harmonized with the principles first enunciated in the Sermon on the Mount. To imbue the American people with sentiments befitting a nation that claims Christianity for its guide, there is no such efficient agency as the American ministry. And were every pastor, on the day of our national thanksgiving, to strive to impress upon his hearers the responsibility resting upon each and all of them as Christian men, that day would be memorable in the annals of the country. Why shall it not be so!

## ABOUT INVESTING IN RAILROAD STOCKS.

IT is time that our railway kings abdicated. A sturdy growth of law and order killed Robert Macaire on land, and made the biography of Kidd a tale that was told, a legend of the seas. Even the mendicant priests of Italy, fleecing the people with solemn displays of winking pictures, are passing away. It is time that these railway men joined the innumerable caravans of swindlers that move to the realms of infamy. These men, with vast trusts in their hands, have become drunk with the stock quotations of Wall Street, and have made the history of our railways the story of a swindle too gigantic for the law to reach. To expose thoroughly their schemes, and secure to them an adequate punishment, would require an amount of money and labor beyond the control of any single individual.

It is well known that most of our railways have been built with less than one half the money represented by their stocks and bonds, and thus more than half the net earnings are paid away to interests that never supplied a dollar of capital. Not only have our roads to stagger under this dead load, but they have to bear an equally oppressive burden in the contracts that are jobbed out. We almost venture to say that the difference in price between the proper market value of articles and supplies furnished our railroads and the price actually paid, would make a fair dividend on their stocks and bonds. The freight business, which is the sinew of profit, is rapidly passing into the hands of express companies, which secure the profits that legitimately belong to the stockholders of the roads. Managers become interested in these companies, and their stocks are held at enormous premiums; yet there is no reason why the officers of these railways should not offer the same quick dispatch and guarantee that are offered by the express companies. Two of the great lines which lead out of New York are conducted by a clique whose chief seems to be the Blue-beard of travelers on land and sea, while the smaller stockholder sees his little investment enhanced or depressed in value by the law of caprice or personal gain. Why should the Erie Railway Company give the transportation of its freight, from its docks at Hoboken to the city of New York, into the hands of a company to realize extravagant profit therefrom, and not do the work itself and secure the profit to the stockholders? The road becomes sickly and faint under such fearful blood-letting. Were these various lines in private hands, express companies and transportation companies might be unknown. Did these railway managers own the roads, nothing could be said, and the public would only be entertained by their schemes. Unfortunately, however, the people at large, who are requested by these men to invest, are the victims. The investments of thousands are cast in railway shares and bonds, and the managers are bound, morally and legally, to discharge their trusts so as to secure the best returns on these millions of funds. The people, residing away from the commercial centers, imagine that stocks are depressed or enhanced in value by the manipulations of speculators; but a clearer insight would reveal their own trustees destroying or elevating the values of trust funds, from personal motives; declaring or withholding dividends and determining important questions according to their own individual interests. Already the English people are asking for a governmental interference, under the conviction that their securities are utterly unsafe in the hands of individual trustees. Is morality really dead? Have men by some process of reasoning at last eliminated good faith from their business transactions, so that there is no remedy but legislation to control a waning sense of honesty? So long as railway trustees



become, directly and indirectly, the consumers of the profits they have been selected to secure for others, and so long as they permanently act upon dangerous rules of morality, people should not commit interests to their hands by investing in such stocks.

## MUSIC.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

IN announcing the close of his operatic season, Mr. Maretzek also announces the production of "L'Africaine" for the night of the 1st of December. The work will be given only a few times this season, but will probably be the leading attraction of the next. Maretzek publishes in the daily papers a card in which he reminds the public that New York is ahead of all the European capitals, excepting Paris and London, in the production of this work.

MR. GRAU'S operatic company in Chicago seems to be coldly received by the press there. It would be natural to suppose that mere local pride would induce the critics to overlook the faults of an operatic troupe gathered together expressly for their city. This does not, however, appear to be the case. Most of the Chicago papers are quite bitter in their denunciations of the unlucky artists, excepting Gazzaniga and one of the new contraltos. Grau goes soon to Havana, and will give opera in this city in April, May, and June. There is so much intrigue at work in operatic matters that the New York public will be glad to judge of his artists for themselves.

THE return to the concert-room of Mrs. Emma Gillingham Bostwick, who sung a few nights ago at Irving Hall, brings back to us a singer who has long been familiar to our concert-goers. The lady is in dress as young as ever; the voice does not bear out this claim, showing the inevitable signs of deterioration. Mrs. Bostwick was, however, warmly received by a large audience, and obtained cordial and friendly applause.

ADELINA PATTI is engaged at the Pagliano Theater, Florence, from the 10th of November to the 10th of December.

THE list of operas by the late William Vincent Wallace includes "Maritana," "Matilda of Hungary," "Lurline," "Maid of Zurich," "Amber Witch," "Love's Triumph," "The Desert Flower," and an unfinished work called "Estrella." The London *Orchestra* calls him "the Hawthorne of the lyric stage."

HANDEL'S oratorio, "Solomon," is to be produced in the main hall of the Exchange at Bremen. Gunz is to be the solo tenor.

A NEW opera by M. Seroff, a Russian known more in literary than musical circles, is to be produced this winter in St. Petersburg. It is called "Rogneda."

A BERLIN critic writes of Carlotta Patti's voice that "it is precisely in a region which, for others, is covered with eternal snows, that this fair artist's voice sends forth its most luxuriant shoots and blossoms. Its power goes on constantly increasing from about the two-lined C upwards, the purity and pleasing character of its tone being perfectly irreproachable through all the various degrees of strength, and all the nice delicacies of light and shade. The fair artist's virtuosity resembles the compass of her voice. Her greatest triumphs are those she achieves, as though in mere play, over difficulties which for other artists would be invincible."

"DER FREISCHUTZ," with Titiens, Sinico, Stagno, and Santley in the leading parts, has just proved a marked success at Dublin.

AT the last Gewandhaus concert, at Leipzig, a Russian lady named Kotschetoff was the vocalist. She was quite successful.

MISKA HAUSER, the violinist, who has been for some time past suffering with a paralysis of the left hand, has recovered by the use of the waters at Baden-Baden. He is now giving concerts in Scandinavia.

A PARIS letter-writer makes, unconsciously, a genuine bit of satire on the prevalent style of musical correspondence when he remarks that "the fact that M. Gueymard gave a B natural the other night in 'Roland' would not interest your readers, for they don't know M. Gueymard and didn't hear him, and a B natural in print is not very effective."

THE death is announced of Caradori Allan, a prima donna who, thirty years ago, was one of the foremost on the lyric stage. She was a most accomplished musician of the school that is dying out. About twenty-five years ago Caradori came to this country and gave concerts here. She was sixty-five years old at the time of her death.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, November 27, 1865.

Ashmead & Evans, publishers here, have brought out a little volume which in typography and illustration is a credit to this city. It is "The Wooing of Master Fox," slightly altered, so as to adapt it for juvenile readers, from Bulwer's "Pilgrims of the Rhine." It is edited by O. D. Martin, and printed by Henry B. Ashmead. The illustrations, by Mr. White, are most delicately executed in colors by Van Ingen & Snyder, wood-engravers here. There are in the book half a dozen colored engravings. The frontispiece, in which Master Fox and the dog are shown, is quite a little gem. Another book, which belongs to the "privately-printed" class, has the name of John Campbell, Philadelphia, on the title-page, and only two hundred and fifty copies have been printed, of which seventy-five copies are in quarto and twenty-five copies in folio. Mr. Ashmead's typography, in this volume of one hundred and forty-five pages, is remarkably good. The title-page, in crimson and black, shows that here we have the "names of persons who took the oath of allegiance to the State of Pennsylvania between the years 1777 and 1789, with a history of the 'test laws' of Pennsylvania," by Thompson Westcott. These laws were in force, in Pennsylvania between June 13, 1777, and March 13, 1789, and their history, showing that tyranny was then exercised over individuals, is a testimony to the truth of Madame Roland's exclamation, "Oh liberty, what evils are committed in thy name!" As a general rule, the Quakers, who avowed themselves opposed to all war, declined taking the test-oath swearing allegiance to Pennsylvania and the United States and forswearing allegiance to the king of Great Britain. They had a very hard time of it, consequently, until the United States government was regularly organized. Appended to the historical portion, which is interesting enough, is a list of all who did take the oath.

In noticing *The Knapsack*, the daily Journal published here during our recent great fair, I could say little in its favor, for it was feeble than *Our Daily Fare*, issued during the Sanitary Fair in June, 1864. But some gems flashed amid the *débris*. One of these I take leave to pick out and place upon THE ROUND TABLE. The author is Mr. Joseph William Miller, a merchant of Philadelphia, who sometimes indulges in flirtations with the muses. The following is much in the vein of Mat Prior's most delicate compliments, but there is something in it, too, which Suckling and Carew might have produced:

## KATE'S GIRDLE.

All things of grace, all things of beauty,  
The poets' dreams of old,  
Were there enshrined in form's ideal  
Of fancy's chastest mold.

All things of grace, the sister Graces  
Presented for all time;  
And in great Venns, Love and Beauty  
Were then enthroned sublime.

And when the Queen of Love, immortal,  
Would add charms combine,  
Around her waist her Cestus-girdle  
She had but to entwine.

Ah, did these poets know this maiden,  
Their work they would undo;  
She has the grace of all the Graces,  
And Venns' beauty, too.

And round her lovely waist her girdle  
Enshrines such beauties there,  
She'd teach the Graces to be graceful,  
And Venns to be fair.

It is a mistake to represent Mr. George Spencer Phillips as identical with the late John Ross Dix. The former, who was one of the editors of the *Chicago Daily Tribune* within the present year—and, perhaps, may occupy the same position still—wrote in England and the United States under the *nom de plume* of "January Searle," and Ticknor & Fields published a novel of his, "The Gypsies of Danes Dyke," in 1864. It is in favor of Mr. Phillips, who is a highly respectable and talented gentleman, that I offer this correction. I knew Dix as far back as 1840, when he edited a weekly newspaper at Cardiff, in Wales, called the *Monmouthshire Beacon*. He was born at Bristol, England, where he served his time to a druggist. He published some passable local poems, illustrated by himself, and, in 1837, a life of Chatterton, well written, and containing many new facts and several unpublished pieces by "the wondrous boy who perished in his pride." The portrait of Chatterton in this volume was originally a small oil-painting picked up at a broker's in Bristol, which a Mr. Parkman, aided by the suggestions of Dix, converted into an "original portrait." In Wales Dix fell into debt and prison, and was liberated

from the latter by the bounty of the Literary Fund Committee, to whom I recommended him as an object of charity. The same aid supplied the means of his voyage to America. His sketches, signed "Cosmopolitan," in the *Boston Atlas*, were lively but diffuse. He was fond of describing scenes between himself and eminent persons whom he had not even seen. He returned to England in 1845, where he collected his Boston articles into a volume of "Pen-and-Ink Sketches," which he dedicated to me. In England he was always known as John Dix, which became John Ross Dix in this country. His last act was a shabby trick, which shows the man. He did not rewrite but recopied some of his Boston sketches, which he sold in a lump as "Recollections" to the editor of the *Leader*, in New York. I took the trouble of ascertaining this by comparing them with the reprint of a volume he published in London in 1852. Be assured that Dix was Dix; not even his own *ipse dixit* could convert him into my friend, Mr. G. S. Phillips, now or lately of Chicago.

Mr. Rothermel, the leading Philadelphian artist, and one of the finest of modern colorists, has nearly completed a large historical painting representing St. Paul at Athens ("in the midst of Mars Hill," the New Testament tells us), declaring to the Council of the Areopagus, that all-powerful and much-dreaded tribunal, the unknown God whom they had ignorantly worshipped. The Parthenon is introduced, of course, and about thirty figures, introducing, of course, Dionysius, the Areopagite, the woman named Damaris, and others converted by the truths he told. Mr. Rothermel is a Philadelphian, born, "raised," and honored in his native city. James Hamilton, the marine painter, who sometimes deviates into landscape and desert scenes, is a citizen only by adoption. No artist here at all approaches him in depicting the ocean in its various moods. He is a man whose age one would badly guess. Below the middle height, and so slight as to make his figure appear fragile, he looks as if a rough blast from across the waters which he loves so well, and depicts so wonderfully, would blow him away. His features, cut sharp and clear, are worn but expressive. Still he is a man who would, probably, be least noticed in a small crowd. A native of Ireland, he has not the Celtic aspect of face or form, but rather reminds one of poor De Quincey, who seemed little more substantial than a mere eidolon of man. Mr. Hamilton's paintings are in such request that his pencil might be at work "all the year round" if he pleased. His genius, however, is fitful—not in conception, but in execution—and seems to require some spur to urge it into action, such, for example, as the necessity of completing a picture by a certain time. Under that impulse, his pencil rapidly and effectually embodies on the canvas the imaginings and observation of his mind. Plain and simple in his life, cherishing the pleasures of home and family, and the least vain among painters, Hamilton passes his time almost wholly in his studio. He has read a great deal, and has collected a good library, most strong in works of art. His collection of fine engravings is extensive and choice. Just now he is painting some views of Niagara, which already display a fine union of force and beauty. The time will come—far distant be the day—when Hamilton, like some other great painters, will have his works highly paid for after the hand that wrought them lies cold and nerveless. We are only beginning, as a people, to realize the business fact that, even as an investment, good works of art have augmented value with increasing years. Many a picture for which a small sum was originally given is now worth ten times that amount. The early pictures of Cole and Church illustrate this.

Thomas Sully, who has been a painter in Philadelphia for full fifty-six years, and was twenty-six when he came here, has not yet abandoned pallet and pencil. He still paints portraits, and his touch seems as firm as ever. In the delineation of female beauty and expression he has ever been successful. There is nothing meretricious in his portraits of the fair sex; he makes them look like gentlewomen. It was said of Sir Thomas Lawrence that were he to paint a demoiselle of rank and position he would make her look like Lais. "Give me," said a connoisseur who had studied the works of both artists, "give me Jackson to paint my wife, and Lawrence to paint my mistress."

The Academy of Fine Arts, in which our annual exhibitions are held, is now located in Chestnut street, but the resistless movement which takes everything westward in Philadelphia is about transferring it to a new and splendid edifice, as yet in *nubibus*, but to be erected in Broad Street. The present site is so valuable, being in the center of our most fashionable promenade, that its sale will produce a sum nearly sufficient to obtain superior academy buildings in Broad Street. There really is an academy, in which drawing, painting, and sculpture

are taught, and the students have the advantage of a large collection of casts from the antique and a large library of the fine arts.

Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. are understood to have completed very extensive arrangements with London publishers whereby the best issues of the latter will be printed in England, received here in sheets, and bound in this city. Mr. Lippincott, head of the firm, is now in Europe, with his family—at this time probably in Russia. Among the latest announcements by this house are two novels ("Chandos" and "Idalia"), by the author of "Strathmore," and a new novel by the Hon. Mrs. Norton. This last, however, cannot appear for a long time, since its publication, as a serial story, is to commence in the January number of "Macmillan's Magazine."

The London houses whose best books Mr. Lippincott will import and republish are, Chapman & Hall, John Murray, F. Warne & Co., Bell & Daldy, Macmillan & Co., Dean & Son, Read & Son, and Joseph Tarn; the Edinburgh houses are W. & R. Chambers, A. & C. Black, Edmonston & Douglas, and W. P. Nimmo.

The German publishers, Schafer & Koradi, have commenced the issue, to be completed in thirty-two weekly numbers, each of eighty pages royal octavo, of a translation of the English-German and German-English dictionary of Chr. Fr. Grier, revised and enlarged by Professor J. C. Oehl-schlager, who also supplies a supplement, containing a history of the English language; explanation of the pronunciation, with tables; a glossary of the Americanisms not in the work itself. Two numbers have appeared, and fulfill the publishers' promise that this shall be the dictionary which all may reliably consult. As it will extend to 2,560 pages, it will form two volumes. Hitherto, Adler's Dictionary has taken the lead.

Ashmead & Evans have nearly ready the "Life of Robert Owen," the great Socialist, by Frederick A. Packard, and first among many juvenile books, "The Dove's Nest, and Benny Averett," by E. L. Llewellyn.

The American Sunday-school Union, the Presbyterian Board of Education, and the Presbyterian Publication Committee, all of Philadelphia, have several new works nearly ready.

R. S. M.

#### BOSTON.

BOSTON, Nov. 27, 1865.

I MUST turn first this week to an accumulation of current juveniles, and chief among them several from the long autumnal list of J. E. Tilton & Co., which includes a very neat new edition of Andersen's "Tales" (including some of Grimm's) in four volumes, or the same on smaller paper in eight volumes. This matter of children's books is one that invites discussion, but most of us will find it exceedingly difficult to divest ourselves of associative feelings, while we become in verity nothing, if critical, rather than the reverse. It hardly takes a middle-aged man to note the great changes that have taken place in this department, and it is likely our grandchildren will marvel as much at us as we marvel at our grandparents. It is always an open question if innovation is constantly an improvement. We who were children when Peter Parley was in his prime, and remember the fascination of his stories, may wonder when, after his thirty years' experience, and his millions of books that have instructed and amused his several times as many million readers, we are told by him, that advanced as the art of writing for children and youths has been, he still looked upon it at his death as but just begun. Everything in life is so meted out by comparison, that with all this advance we may well doubt if its relative importance is much changed for the better. Burke confessed that he despaired of ever receiving so great pleasure from the exalted performances of genius, in his riper years, as in his callow days he got from the most trifling pieces. If there is any argument in favor of the greater happiness of childhood over maturity—and I think there are but a few—this is certainly one of them, that the undoubting mind of the child (one of the prerogatives of genius, too, as Collins puts it of Tasso, and be it remembered that Coleridge marked genius as having the power of childhood with the maturity of age), that this unsketchable confidence, when directed to the region of pleasurable sensations, affords intenser gratification than even a manhood's faith can impart. Such being the case, it certainly is of no little importance what the incentives to such pleasure shall be.

People talk of writing down to the capacity of the young as if it were an essential, which all presupposes that the child is only less adult than the adult himself. What Wordsworth meant in a restricted sense, "the child is father of the man," is proclaimed as a general predicate. There is, on the contrary, more than a grain

of truth in what Landor says of children, that they are almost as different creatures from men and women as if they were never to become the one or the other—that they are as unlike, almost, as blossoms are unlike fruits. Andersen understood this when he said that to a young child its parent's language was hardly plainer than the signs of meaning which birds and animals convey to their delicately sensitive perceptions. "Some children," he says, "cling to their infantile ways of thinking much longer than others, and it is the custom to call such children backward. People may say so!" But Hans Christian Andersen evidently thinks another thing or two. Instead of writing down, it may require more than ordinary power to write up to such. It was mere task-work for Goldsmith, to be sure, to write the "Goody Two-Shoes;" but if he must write, he could wish for no better an audience than the admirers of that little romance. "If I pride myself on anything," says Hawthorne (and let us remember that in those years, before the public recognized his merit, he was serving an apprenticeship under the direction of Peter Parley), "it is because I have a smile that children love. I delight to let my mind go hand in hand with the mind of a sinless child." We can understand, then, why the composition of the book, just mentioned, was so pleasant to him. And we can well believe all the stories that are told of Andersen's genuine love of a frolicsome child when we look upon the frank, open countenance of his portraits, or hear of the cheery receptions that those get who visit him. He is kindly in temperament, and though not a father in blood, is more than one in sympathy. Critics may vex him, but children delight him. His very earnest, outspoken sincerity attracts them, and it is only the taint of a less spiritual mind than theirs that induces his catechizers to call this very trait by the harsher name of egotism.

The other books before me are quite of a different character. "Golden Hair: A Tale of the Pilgrim Fathers," by Sir Lascelles Wrayall, Bart., is a reprint from the English, as one could easily tell. It purports to be a tale of stirring life here in New England, at the time of King Philip's war, in 1676, and the story is conducted with all of John Bull's most refreshing audacity; he brings to life men who had been in their graves a score of years; he walks across the geography of the country with a pair of seven-league boots; he eats buffalo steaks where clams could certainly have been much more easily found; and King Philip dies in a manner not put down in Church; and for all that the boys may like it. Good Mr. Drake, the antiquary, would shake his head as savagely as Andersen's privy counselor, no doubt; and I suspect that Miles Standish, as he is figured in the cut looking back at Father Blackstone on his ox, would not of necessity, had he looked as dapper in the flesh, have resigned pretty Priscilla Mullins to the sly suit of John Alden. Evidently neither the author nor his draughtsman understood these Pilgrim Fathers of ours, but the boys will not be so critical, I imagine. "John," cried a good dame in my hearing, "you don't pile that wood in the proper way." "Well, what's the use of doing everything in the proper way?" That is a boy's logic, and so they will treat all demurrers about the anachronisms of this book, I fancy. Since Thomas Hughes has figured forth the apotheosis of rampant boyhood in his "School Days at Rugby," we must be resigned to the condition, and let them have as rampant a literature as they could desire. They get it to their heart's content in this other, "Anthony Waymouth, or the Gentlemen Adventurers," a tale of the days of Queen Bess, when every gentleman had a sword and used it, and showed all the daring and pluck that the hardiest of boys could delight in. Leigh Hunt tells us how Shelley used to make the children snatch this kind of fearful joy by twisting up his forelock into the guise of a horn and glowering upon them like a ravening unicorn. Shelley knew boys, and what delighted them. Your naughty little urchin that stuffs his handkerchief into his mouth when he is hurt, and won't cry, revels in these recitals. Perhaps he ought not to. Perhaps he should discover that Mr. Kingston writes now and then in the style of the blood-and-thunder newspaper story-tellers, and talks about "raven locks" for black hair, and all that sort of thing, which is not proper; but then (boys will say it) what's the use, etc., etc.

Another of Mr. Kingston's stories is the next on the list, "The Cruise of the Frolic, a Sea Story," which he confesses gives some of the color of romance to actual occurrences in his own yachting experience many summers ago, dating back, I find, to the "presidency" of Louis Napoleon, and carrying the scene from the British Channel to the coast of the Spanish peninsula and up the Mediterranean. It is written with spirit, if not with a fastidious taste, and lets us into some of the resources of English yachting life. Haps and adventures are not wanting, and the author can't, as usual, get through the

volume without a fight or two; so much for the pug-nacious instincts of the boys, and his catering to it. The volumes thus far mentioned are all published by the Messrs. Tilton, who have gotten them up in sufficiently good shape, not to speak of attractions of binding. Leigh Hunt, I remember, in his recollections of the famous Newberry's shop, in St. Paul's Churchyard, speaks of the little volumes that constituted the child's libraries of his youth, and how he used with gaping wonder to gaze upon the treasures radiant with gold and rich with bad pictures. "Gold somehow never looked so well as in adorning literature," he adds, and then asks, "May we own that we preferred the uncouth coats, the staring, blotted eyes, and round pieces of ropes for hats, of our very badly drawn cotemporaries, to all the proprieties of modern embellishments." So it seems our urchin of the wood-pile can bring so distinguished an authority for the disregard of proprieties. The present volumes have gold enough on their backs to please any of Leigh Hunt's grandchildren who may inherit their ancestor's passion, but as for the pictures, they are quite of a different sort. They are done with no little spirit. Indeed, some of these adornments of a modern juvenile might well make the most pretentious engraver of a lifetime ago despair.

I take up next a couple of volumes with Loring's imprint. "Boys at Chequasset" (third edition) is a tale of everyday life with a moral to it, and not too persistently put forth. It has to show that from the merest germ the love of orderliness may grow and brighten existence, leavening the whole character. I am afraid our friend of the wood-pile might ask his old question, but Johnnie Osburn, with his newly-acquired habits, could much better comfort him than we. There is one thing, however, concerns us of riper years in the use of a word which the writer of this little book sanctions; that is, the giving the sense of *as soon as* to *directly*. It is an awkward piece of modern cockneyism which some good writers on the other side have fallen into (Matthew Arnold, for instance), but it only gets a *quasi* recognition in the dictionaries, and it were much better not to entail it upon our American forms of speech. We have much of native uncouthness to answer for, without borrowing from the old world. Loring's other volume is "Paul Prescott's Charge," by Horatio Alger, Jr.—the struggles of a determined boy to cancel a debt his father died owing, growing strong in mind and purpose as he battles with his adversers. He accomplishes all. Leigh Hunt somewhere describes the prodigies of the juvenile literature of his childhood, charges the authors of those days with making their good little boy in the end only a very selfish man, with his fine coach to ride in, and a King Pepin in character. Paul in the present story grows up without that unsocial vice, and his triumphs are those of that rectitude which does not boast itself of being not as other men are.

Lee & Shepard's imprint stands upon two new volumes of the well-known "Little Prudy" series, one about "Little Doty," and the other a "Fairy Book." I have known young parents to keep a record of the bright sayings of their first-born, and the writer of this series has learned to conjure up through a joyous love for the little ones the power that grief gave Queen Constance to put in their pretty looks, repeat their words, and remember all their gracious parts.

E. P. Dutton & Co. are to give us, besides the new volume of Mr. Calvert's poems, already mentioned in these letters, a new edition of his book on "The Gentleman." It is gratifying, certainly, that there can be a call for a second edition of so thoughtful a book.

If I don't expose our most tasteful book-buyers here to the charge of being, as Dr. Holmes would say, "hobby," I may venture to say that the "Book of Common Prayer," as printed by the University press, which I spoke of last week, is thought by this class to excel Mr. Alvord's work on the "Book of Rubies," issued lately in your city. It seems to me, making a comparison of the two, that Mr. Welch's work is much evenner and more chaste.

W.

#### LONDON.

LONDON, November 8, 1865.

#### PROFESSORS AND PROFESSORSHIP'S AGAIN.

PROFESSOR MASSON left on Monday to assume the duties of the professorship of rhetoric and English literature in the University of Edinburgh. On Saturday last a numerous-attended dinner was given him at the Freemasons' Tavern by his many friends, including many of the *literati*. Letters regretting inability to attend, and speaking in very glowing terms of Mr. Masson, were read from Carlyle, Mazzini, Charles Knight, De Morgan, and Sir Roderick Murchison. The chair was occupied by Mr. James



Stansfeld, M.P., late Junior Lord of the Admiralty, who left the cabinet a year ago because his connection with Mazzini threatened a ministerial crisis, but who stands a good chance of being recalled by Earl Russell. In proposing the health of the professor, Mr. Stansfeld alluded to the great service he had done as one of the Society of the Friends of Italy. Professor Masson, in responding, said he was about to reverse a venerable tradition, that no Scotchman ever went back to Scotland. After nearly eighteen years of constant residence he was leaving the great center of human life, which contained a population equal to that of his native country; and he could scarcely realize to himself the objects, scenes, and things of that extraordinary era. His recollections of that period began with the crash of the throne of Louis Philippe, at a time when the unity of Italy was considered the dream of a fanatic, when British Pre-Raphaelitism was deemed a crotchet of a few ardent young men; while many things that were then new and rare and unaccepted were now common and incurious if not commonplace. After speaking of the advantages of life in London, especially its tendency to take the conceit out of all provincialism, Mr. Masson said that there were two drawbacks in London: first, the danger that in it an intellectual man would become *blasé*, indifferent, and lose all enthusiasm; and secondly, that the great institutions, museums, schools, etc., were not properly consolidated. The British Museum, Mining School, University and King's Colleges might, by judicious amalgamation, be so blended as to make a university which it would do the gods good to witness. His reference to the friends and guides whom he was leaving was very touching. The toast, "English literature," was responded to by Herbert Spencer in a very sensible speech, and he was followed by a very Bohemian tirade by G. A. Sala. After one or two other good speeches, literature gave way to genuine Scotch conviviality.

Mr. W. Chambers, of the celebrated publishing firm, will be proposed as Lord Provost of Edinburgh, and will probably be elected, in which case he will be another Scotchman returning to Scotland.

The Lord Rectorship of the University of that city, vacated by Mr. Gladstone, will doubtless be conferred upon Thomas Carlyle. The opposition have no other candidate except Disraeli now. The position—which is a high honor, but involves neither money nor labor—has been twice proposed to Carlyle, but he has hitherto refused to be a candidate, chiefly because of his great dislike to making the traditional oration.

The selection of the young and utterly undistinguished Mr. Oakley to be the professor of music, over such accomplished men as Hullah and Macfarren, excites the bitterest animadversions everywhere. Mr. Gladstone, without whom the appointment could not have been made, is boldly accused of having sullied his administration as Lord Rector by this last act, which was too plainly a piece of favoritism to an Oxonian who had married into the aristocracy.

A few years ago a very insignificant man was made the professor of Sanscrit at Oxford over the most accomplished of Sanscrit scholars living—Max Müller—on account of Müller's supposed liberal religious views. The Oxonian authorities seem still determined to purge the university of "that d—d intellect," as one of its voters who dismissed Gladstone expressed it. Mr. Cox, the Bodleian librarian, put forth, recently, a paper about an opposition threatened to making Max Müller his successor in that library, though it is acknowledged that a Sanscrit scholar is greatly needed there. This *exposé* made the country say to Oxford "check," and rather sharply—so Müller was yesterday elected. Prof. Müller's Taylorian professorship brings him only £500 a year. The labor of editing the "Vedas" is rather costly to him than profitable. He is a prodigious worker, and will make the best librarian the Bodleian ever had.

#### HINDU LITERATURE.

From "Trübner's American and Oriental Literary Record," one of the most valuable of London publications, and the most unique, we get some interesting details of Hindu literature and the progress of learning in that region. Mr. Talboys Wheeler's "History of India," three volumes of which are to appear next year, will be an invaluable work to Hindu scholars and the lovers of Oriental literature. These three volumes will be a first installment. The first and second volumes will contain Mr. Wheeler's history proper, during the Hindu period; whilst the third volume will comprise English versions of the Mahabharata and Ramayana, with critical and explanatory notes, together with important extracts from different Puranas. The two lengthy epics of the Mahabharata and Ramayana have been brought within compass, by the omission of all repetitions, and by cutting away those palpable fables which fill up so large a portion of

the Mahabharata, and which have been introduced for the sole purpose of ascribing supernatural powers to the Brahmans. All omissions will, however, be sufficiently indicated in the notes.

Professor G. W. Leitner, principal of the Government College at Lahore, is now endeavoring to carry out the scheme to establish a native university on the voluntary principle: its object to be to revive ancient Oriental learning, and to create and encourage vernacular literature, and the introduction of the best European literature into India.

An interesting volume has just been issued by the Sanscrit press at Calcutta, the "Gayâmahâtmya," a chapter of the "Vâyupurâna." It is printed first in the Devanâgarî character and then in the Bangâlî. The editor is the learned Târânâtha, surnamed Vâchâspati, or "Lord of Speech," professor in the Calcutta Sanscrit College. The subject of the "Gayâmahâtmya" is the glorification of Gayâ, a holy city of great antiquity and repute, situate hard by the Ganges. Thither, once at least in his lifetime, it is the duty of every pious Hindu to repair, solemnly to propitiate the manes of his ancestors. Nor is Gayâ sacred ground to the Hindu only: for an idea of sanctity invests it in the estimation of the Buddhists also, who, to this day, visit it on pilgrimage, not unfrequently from Burmah and Thibet.

Bâbû Mâdhavachandra Ghoshâ, described as a young Bangâlî of much promise, has, in publishing the "Nâgâ-nanda," rendered one more Sanscrit drama accessible to students at large.

The *Poula* is the title of a new weekly newspaper and review printed and published at Bombay—whose aim is to set forth, with earnestness and moderation, true principles in social relations, politics, and religion.

Major Malleson, the reputed author of the famous "Red Pamphlet," is engaged in investigating the history of French settlements in India; and purposes publishing the results when completed.

Professor Buhler, of Elphinstone College, Bombay, is engaged on a digest of Hindu law cases.

#### SURGEON AS A POET.

Mr. Spurgeon has appeared before the public as a poet. The verses are dated from "Hull," where Mr. S. has been recently ministering, and are entitled "Married Love—To My Wife." It is something of a valentine, something of a sermon—Anacreontic and Wattsian; whilst the amount of "eastern splendor joined to oriental magnificence" contained in it will be apparent on reading the following verses:

E'en as the stream forgets not the sea,  
But hastes to the ocean's breast,  
My constant soul flows onward to thee  
And finds in thy love its rest.

The swallows must plume their wings to greet  
New summers in lands afar;  
But dwelling at home with thee I meet  
No winter my year to mar.

The wooer his new love's name may wear  
Engraved on a precious stone;  
But in my heart thine image I bear,  
That heart has been long thine own.

The glowing colors on surface laid  
Wash out in a shower of rain;  
Thou need'st not be of rivers afraid,  
For my love is dyed ingrain.

And as ev'ry drop of Garda's lake  
Is tinged with the sapphire's blue;  
So all the powers of my mind partake  
Of joy at the thought of you.

The glittering dewdrops of dawning love  
Exhale as the day grows old,  
And fondness taking the wings of a dove,  
Is gone like a tale of old;

But mine for thee from the chambers of joy  
With strength came forth as the sun,  
Nor life nor death shall its force destroy,  
For ever its course shall run.

#### OLD HOUSES.

The house long occupied by the painter Hogarth at Hammersmith, one of the suburbs of London, and which is still a comfortable residence, and has an acre of good ground about it, was recently let to Mr. Anybody-you-please for twenty pounds per annum. The "Old Meeting House" at Luton, the venerable mother of Nonconformist chapels, in which John Bunyan ministered, is to be pulled down to make way for a smart Byzantine structure, to accommodate the congregation of the present pastor. The old structure is a somewhat ugly old octagon of red brick. The church where Whitfield preached, on Tottenham Court Road, in London, has been entirely "reconstructed" of late.

#### LITERATURE.

Dr. Rowland Williams, of the "Essays and Reviews," is to publish soon his new version of the "Hebrew Pro-

phets." The volume will be a fresh translation from the original tongue, with constant reference to the common version. The prophets will be distributed chronologically, according to the three or four great empires to which they refer. There will be an introduction to each prophet, a comparison of readings and variations, and a running paraphrase, with occasional commentary.

Macmillan has already sold 50,000 copies of his cheap (five-shilling) and handsome "Globe" edition of Shakespeare.

Another volume (4th) of Mazzini's "Life and Writings," one of the most interesting works of this age, if people only knew it, will soon be issued by Smith, Elder & Co. The translator of it is said to be Madame Venturi, an English lady who married an Italian patriot. It is a beautiful piece of work every way.

Sampson Low, Son & Marston are not to be outdone. They have caught the magazine-fever. "Praying for a fair wind of popular favor, the 'Argosy' will start on the first day of December, in this year of grace 1865, freighted with contributions from some of the first writers of the day." Isn't that neat?

An important work for those who have an inclination for religious archaeology has just been issued by the Clarendon press at Oxford; it is "The History of the Reformation of the Church of England, by Gilbert Burnet, D.D., Bishop of Salisbury; a new edition carefully revised, and the records collated with the originals, by Nicholas Pocock, M.A., late Michel Fellow of Queen's College." The originals referred to in this title are those which have long existed in the Bodleian library, the most important part being in Burnet's own handwriting. The MS. is a small folio volume, bound in neat Russia. It contains part of three works, one of which is a passage of the autograph of the author's "Pastoral Care" (six leaves), another the autograph of "The Abridgment of the History of the Reformation," a third of important "addenda," by the author. The other portions are by amanuenses. Nothing can exceed the patience and care which Mr. Pocock has put on this work.

#### CORRESPONDENTS.

It is understood here that the London correspondence, generally regarded as very poor, of your neighbor the *Nation*, is furnished by Mr. Edward Dicey, author of a book of American travels; and that the admirable French correspondence is from M. Auguste Laugel, of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The correspondent of the *Independent* was, I believe, Mr. F. W. Chesson, but I hear he has been superseded by Mr. M. C. Tyler, a graduate of Yale, and one of the clearest-headed and most wide-awake Americans in this country. Tyler is, in fact, becoming the leading lyceum lecturer. The other day a man sought my aid in the midst of great poverty, who gave me the evidence that he had been employed as a correspondent of the New York *Herald*, and treated very shabbily by that journal. T. B. G., of the *Tribune*, is a Mr. Gun, well and favorably known to Americans here.

#### ART.

Mr. Alderman Wilson, of the city of London, some time ago offered to pay for a fine stained window for St. Paul's Cathedral, but the offer was refused unless the window should be painted in Munich. Mr. Wilson desired to employ English artists alone. He has lately made the offer to put such a window as he intended in Guildhall, and the offer has been accepted.

Mr. Fechter opened his *Lyceum* night before last with a drama entitled "The Watch-cry," which is an adaptation of an old French drama, produced in the Parisian theaters twenty-five years ago. Mr. Fechter acts the part of a duke disguised as an improvisatore, who tells the story of five brothers who devote themselves heart and soul to Florence, and perish in her defense, on which the plot is based. The piece is finely put on the stage, abounds in the startling situations that suit Fechter's genius so well, and is destined to have a great run. M. D. C.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

- J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia.—On Wakefulness, with an Introductory Chapter on the Physiology of Sleep. By William A. Hammond, M.D. 1865. Pp. 93.
- STATE DEPARTMENT, Washington, D.C.—Diplomatic Correspondence for 1863 and 1864. 6 vols.
- JOHN BRADBURN, New York.—Erring, yet Noble: A Tale of and for Women. 1865. Pp. 569.
- C. M. PLUMB & Co., New York.—The Ideal Attained: Being a story of two steadfast souls, and how they won their happiness and lost it not. By Eliza W. Farnham. 1865. Pp. 516.
- Woman and her Era. By Eliza W. Farnham. 1865. 2 vols. Pp. 318 and 466.
- WILLIAM WHITE & Co., Boston.—Poems from the Inner Life. By Lizzie Doten. 1865. Pp. 171.
- The Poet and other Poems. By Achsa W. Sprague. 1865. Pp. 304.
- Blossoms of our Spring. By Hudson & Emma Tuttle. 1864. Pp. 333.
- G. W. CARLETON, New York.—The Love-life of Dr. Kane. Containing the Correspondence and a History of the Acquaintance, Engagement, and Secret Marriage between Elisha K. Kane and Margaret Fox. 1865. Pp. 233.

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